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A GLIMPSE OF PERRYVILLE.

ON the 30th day of August, 1862, General Buell's army was distributed over an area of about one hundred and fifty by one hundred miles, and had been looking toward Chattanooga as the objective point of its future movements. General Kirby Smith had moved into Kentucky with a large Confederate force, and the Federal Government had only raw levies to oppose him. The Louisville and Nashville Railroad had been cut, and now General Bragg suddenly moved toward Middle Tennessee. On August 30th General Buell issued orders to his widely-distributed army to concentrate at Murfreesboro.

This movement was executed simultaneously by the various parts of the army, and on September 5th Buell's whole force, coming in by four roads, was in position at Murfreesboro, ready to give battle to the enemy. It was one of the best executed movements in the war. All the men and all the supplies were pulled together as by a string, and seemed to drop into the new position as if by magic. A detailed account of this remarkable movement would form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the war.

Bragg did not give battle where it was expected, but pushed on into Kentucky, and Buell pushed on after him by forced marches, leaving Nashville strongly garrisoned. In the mean time Nelson had been defeated and routed, and himself wounded, at Richmond, Kentucky, and the condition of affairs was not very well known in our hard-pressed army. Bragg turned off to the right and made toward Bardstown, and Buell's jaded army was diverted to the left, struck the Ohio River at the mouth of Salt River, and thence hastened to Louisville.

The situation at Louisville was not unlike that at Washington after the first battle of Bull Run. The belief was entertained by many that Bragg would capture the city, and not a few had removed their money and

valuables across the Ohio River, not over-assured that Bragg might not follow them to the lakes. Nelson had sworn a mighty oath that he would hold the city so long as a house remained standing, or a soldier was alive, and he had issued an order that all the women, children, and non-combatants should leave the place and seek safety in Indiana. He had only raw troops and convalescent veterans, and few citizens believed that he could hold out against an attack. Buell's arrival changed the situation of affairs. The uncertain defensive suddenly gave way to an aggressive offensive attitude, and speculation turned from whether Bragg would capture Louisville to whether Buell would capture Bragg.

Buell's headquarters were established at the old Galt House, in Louisville. In the room in which the Adjutant-General's office was conducted I was seated at my desk, and chanced to be addressing a communication to General Nelson. I was startled by the report of a pistol-shot in the hall, and I hastened out to learn the cause of the shot. I saw General Nelson reeling toward General Buell's room, and heard the exclamation from the hurriedly-following throng that General Davis had shot him. A few hours later I saw Nelson lying dead from the fatal shot. But a few days later, as I was mounting my horse to join General Buell on the march, a message came to me, and in a few moments I was beside Davis, in his room, to receive a communication for my chief. I had seen Nelson dead, and I thought that Davis, too, looked like a dead man. He was the most unhappy looking person I ever saw, although he showed no sign of agitated emotion. I retired from his room more profoundly impressed with the awe of death than when I turned away from the dead form of Nelson. The details of the difficulty between Nelson and Davis have been minutely described, with some variance, by eye-witnesses; but from what I saw and heard I am inclined to think

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that all the circumstances of the occurrence have not been made public. I do not know, but I have always suspected that a strong hand took hold of the situation promptly and smothered the fires that I thought, for a few hours, would certainly burst into a flame of resentment.

Probably no city or town in the country has so completely obliterated the traces of war as Louisville. Yet Louisville, at the time of which I am writing, was an intrenched city. The rifle-pits ran across Fourth Street, just south of Kentucky, where now stand, and for a long distance southward stand, some of the most beautiful residences of Louisville. Visitors to the Southern Exposition standing in the east gallery see, at a short distance from them, an elevation crowned with the ruins of an earth-work. The race-course, the fair-grounds, and many dwellings reached by street-cars are south of it, but in 1862 this was the farthest fortified outpost. The city has stretched far out beyond Cave Hill Cemetery, but that peaceful and beautiful city of the dead, even where the long rows of neatly arranged headstones now give the brief history of the Federal and Confederate dead subsequently buried there, was then marred by the rude earth-works of the advanced line of fortification. From every part of Louisville these things have faded away like the tramp of the soldiers who then thronged her streets. As a base of operations Louisville was at all times familiar with the war, but she was accustomed to looking at the actual operations of the war through her field-glasses. This time she was a participant, and when afterward stately dwellings reared themselves upon her trenches they destroyed the work of some of her best citizens, who not overwillingly handled the pick and the spade in those stormy days.

Buell's army marched from Louisville in three columns on parallel lines. McCook commanded the left wing, Gilbert the center, Crittenden the right wing, and Thomas was second in command, and charged with bringing up the right. On approaching Perryville, it was learned that Bragg might concentrate his forces there, and Buell at once arranged his order of battle. On October 7, 1862, Buell designated positions for his three corps for the purpose of a general attack the next day. McCook could not reach his position in time; Crittenden went out of his way to obtain water, and the plan had to be changed for an attack on October 9th.

The country through which Buell's army marched is almost destitute of water, but at Perryville a stream flowed between the contending armies, and access to that water was equally important to both armies. Buell marched with the center corps, and the advance reached this stream on the evening of October 7th. From that time until the stream was crossed there was constant fighting for access to it, and the only restriction on this fighting was that it should not bring on an engagement until the time for the general attack should arrive. An incident will illustrate the scarcity of water. I obtained a canteenful; and about dark on October 7th, after giving myself a good brushing and a couple of dry rubs without feeling much cleaner, a careless announcement that I was about to take a tin-dipper bath brought General Buell out of his tent with a rather mandatory suggestion that I pour the water back into my canteen and save it for an emergency. The emergency did not come to me, but on the morning of October 9th that same water helped to relieve the suffering of some wounded men who lay out between the two armies.

At Buell's headquarters, on the 8th, preparations were going on for the intended attack, and the information was eagerly waited for that Crittenden had reached his position on the right. Fighting for water went on in our front, and it was understood that it extended all along the line, but no battle was expected that day. McCook was at Buell's headquarters in the morning, and received, I presume, some oral instructions regarding the contemplated attack. It was understood that care would be taken not to bring on a general engagement, and no importance was attached to the sounds that reached us of artillery-firing at the front of the center.

McCook's people pushed the struggle for water too far, or became over zealous in resisting the like effort on the other side, or were attacked in force, and a battle came on. To the public mind this battle has always had a mystery about it.

In his statement before the Commission, General Buell remarks that it has been a matter of surprise that so severe an engagement could have taken place within two and a half miles of his headquarters without his knowledge. After commenting on his arrangements for the attack next day, and the dependence of a commander on his distant subordinates for information, he says:

"I received, with astonishment, the intelligence of the severe fighting that commenced at two o'clock. Not a musket-shot had been heard, nor did the sound of artillery indicate any thing like a battle. This was probably caused by the configuration of the ground, which broke the sound, and by the heavy wind, which it appears blew from the right to the left during the day."

In his official report of the battle, General Buell again says:

"At four o'clock, however, Major-General McCook's aid-de-camp arrived and reported to me that the General was sustaining a severe attack, which he would not be able to withstand unless reinforced—that his flanks were already giving way. He added, to my astonishment, that the left corps had actually been engaged in a severe battle for several hours. It was so difficult to credit the latter that I thought there must be some misapprehension in regard to the former."

General Buell had received a hurt, and was riding in an ambulance. Perhaps, if he had been able to ride his horse without great pain, he would have been up and down the whole line all day, for his staff knew only too well his hard riding under such circumstances. Of course, the young officers of the staff, of whom I was one, were not taken into conference by General Buell, but we all knew that the subject of attention that morning was the whereabouts of Crittenden's corps, and the placing it in position on the right for the general engagement that was to be brought on as soon as the army was in line. We all saw McCook going serenely away like a general carrying his orders with him, and only anxious for the future of his command.

In the afternoon we moved out for a position nearer Crittenden, as I inferred from the direction taken. A message came from the direction of the center to General Buell, and in a few moments Colonel James B. Fry, our Chief of Staff, called me up, and sent me with an order to General Gilbert, commanding the center corps, to send at once two brigades to reinforce General McCook, commanding the left corps. And this is how I came to be a witness to some of the curious features of Perryville.

I did not know what was going on at the left, and Colonel Fry did not inform me. He told me what to say to General Gilbert, and to go fast, and, taking one of the general's orderlies with me, I started on my errand. I found

General Gilbert at the front, and as he had no staff-officer at hand at the moment, he asked me to go to General Schoepf, a division commander, with the order. I found Schoepf riding in an ambulance in a corn-field. I have read that at about this time General Schoepf, fired by the din of battle on the left, was weeping with rage because he was not permitted to carry his division to the rescue. He was not weeping when I saw him; he seemed to be in a placid frame of mind, and he made no comment on the fact that he was not ordered to go with his two brigades. The din of battle on the left was not audible to me, and he did not seem to hear it. At that moment I was still uninformed of the necessity for reinforcing the left.

My mission was to convey an order to General Gilbert, but I had got into business. Schoepf detached two brigades, and they started to the left, and he told me I had better go ahead and find out where they were to go. There was no sound to direct me, and as I tried to take an air line I passed outside the Federal lines and was overtaken by a cavalry officer, who gave me the pleasing information that I was riding toward the enemy's lines. Now up to this time I had heard no sound of battle; I had heard no artillery in front of me, and no heavy infantry-firing. I rode back and passed behind the cavalry regiment in the woods, and started in the direction indicated to me by the officer who called me back. At some distance I overtook an ambulance train, urged to their best speed in my direction, and then I knew something serious was up, and this was the first intimation I had that one of the fiercest struggles of the war was at that moment raging almost within my sight.

Directed by the officer in charge of the ambulances I made another detour, and pushing on at greater speed I suddenly turned into a road, and there before me, within a few hundred yards, the battle of Perryville burst into view, and the roar of the artillery and the continuous rattle of the musketry first broke upon my ear. It was the finest spectacle I ever saw. It was wholly unexpected, and it fixed me with astonishment. It was like tearing away a curtain from the front of a great picture. It was like the sudden bursting of a thunder-cloud when the sky in front seems serene and clear. I had seen an unlooked for storm at sea, with hardly a moment's notice, hurl itself out of the clouds and lash the

ocean into a foam of wild rage. But here there was not the warning of an instant. At one bound my horse carried me from stillness into the uproar of battle. One turn from a lonely bridle-path through the woods brought me face to face with the great and bloody struggle of thousands of men. Some one once said that the extremes of human experience might be met by passing from Wall Street some hot and exciting day and gliding up the Hudson in a boat and reading the *Culprit Fay* beneath the shadow of old Crownest itself. But notwithstanding it was war times, and armed men and skirmishers were all about us, this sudden development of battle was a more striking meeting of extremes than any such ordinary vicissitude of experience.

I rode down the road, profoundly impressed with the seriousness of the occasion and the grave importance of my tidings, but just as I jerked up in front of General McCook, I received an impression that has always been the most vivid in my recollections of Perryville. My rapid approach excited the curiosity of a soldier, who, standing near McCook, was just capping his gun. He dropped the butt of his musket on the ground, threw his head forward and opened his mouth as if listening intently, and at the instant dropped his gun, clapped both hands to his face, gave a wild howl, and went dancing off the road in a most absurd fashion. A buck-shot had passed between his teeth and through his cheek. I have never forgotten the ludicrous appearance of the man, and his strange antics came into my mind in the midst of the most painful scenes I witnessed.

I think what I told General McCook lifted something off his mind. He looked relieved, and he told me to remain on the ground and he would send a message back by me. Just then I noticed an occurrence that has often since made me doubt the accuracy of statements of men who are not informed of all the events of a battle. I had left the reinforcements far back on the road; I had ridden as fast as a good horse could carry me; I had just arrived and delivered my information, and had hastened to dismount to hurry off a note to the Chief of Staff, when a fresh battery whirled past me into position and a brigade of infantry came cheering down the lane at the double time and ran beyond me into the position opened for them in line. I was astonished at their quick arrival, and thought I must have taken a fearfully round-

about route to reach McCook's battle ground. They must have come on the wings of the wind, or I must have gone miles to the rear. Fortunately I had reached the ground an instant sooner than they, and so I thought the least absurd thing to do was to let the matter drop. In letting it drop I failed to learn for a long time that, before I carried up the order for reinforcements, Gilbert had responded to the call of McCook, and had sent over some reinforcements before I reached Gilbert's position, and that it was these troops, who started long before me, and not the troops I saw start, who went into action with such unlooked for promptness.

Waiting for news to carry back, I saw and heard some of the unhappy occurrences of Perryville. I saw young Forman with the remnant of his company of the Fifteenth Kentucky regiment withdrawn to make way for the reinforcements, and, as they silently passed me, they seemed to stagger and reel like men who had been beating against a great storm. Forman had the colors in his hand, and he and several of his handful of men had hand upon the breast and their lips apart as though they had difficulty in breathing. They filed into a field and without thought of shot or shell they lay down on the ground apparently in a state of exhaustion. I joined a mounted group about a young officer, and heard Ramsey Wing, afterward minister to Ecuador, telling of Jackson's death and the scattering of the raw division he commanded. I remembered how I had gone up to Shiloh with Terrell's battery in a small steamer, and how, as the first streak of daylight came, Terrell, sitting on the deck near me, had recited a line about the beauty of the dawn, and had wondered how the day would close upon us all—and I asked about Terrell, who now commanded a brigade. He had been carried to the rear to die. I thought of the accomplished, good and brave Parsons—whom I had seen knocked down seven times in a fight with a bigger man at West Point without ever a thought of quitting so long as he could get up, and who lived to take orders in the church and die at Memphis of the yellow fever, ministering to the last to the spiritual wants of his parishioners—and I asked about Parson's battery. His raw infantry support had broken, and, stunned by the disaster he thought had overtaken the whole army, he stood by his guns until every horse and every man had gone, and with the enemy almost touching him, and had

been dragged away by one of his men who had come back to rescue him. His battery was a wreck, and no one knew then where he was. And so the news came in of men I knew and men with friends around me.

But the reinforcements brought new spirit to the jaded line of troops which held their position, and while I waited, the whole of McCook's line as far as I could see advanced and seemed to be maintaining the ground as it was gained. I thought things looked pretty well, and I asked General McCook if he had any message to send. He told me to go back and tell General Buell he thought he was all right and could hold his ground.

One of General Buell's orderlies had gone to the front with me. He was a soldier in the well-known Anderson troop, composed of some of the best young men of Pennsylvania, who, I fancy, had little notion of what they were facing when they enlisted, but who, when they discovered the rough experience of the ranks, met the situation like earnest men and good soldiers. Many of them have since shown in important positions the high qualities that made them exemplary and efficient soldiers in the war. The name of my friend E. P. Wilson is borne on the banners of the "Queen and Crescent" route all over the South. He rode out of the Anderson troop into railroad prominence. The man who rode up with me at Perryville was a thickset youth, cool and brave, but not overfond of exertion. If his name was not in every Pennsylvanian's head, it was on the head of half the men of Philadelphia. A few years ago I was in that city, and, stepping out of the Continental Hotel, I saw the name of Oakford still proclaiming itself inseparably associated with the hats of Philadelphia. I entered the store and there was my comrade, older and stouter, and much brisker than he was before the battle of Perryville. Oakford and I had an amusing time for a while, but he told me on my visit to him that, after a certain moment, I had a much better time than he did. When we left General McCook we found that the shells of the enemy chanced to fall just where we had to pass, and on this account several laden wagons had been hastily abandoned there. We made a run for it, but Oakford being poorly mounted came near being blown up with a wagon load of knapsacks. We got through, but eventually parted company, and I regret to say that later in the evening I lay down among my friends on my own blankets, while Oakford, without

any blankets, endeavored to find repose among the enemy. He was paroled, but he told me that he still shivered at the narrow escape he made from having to walk out of Kentucky with General Bragg.

As I rode back to General Buell's position on the main road, I saw the great yellow moon rising out of the tops of the hills I had left, and across its face and through the background of dark blue sky, from opposite directions I saw the shells of opposing batteries cross and fall like meteors toward either line. It was a beautiful view—the enchantment of which was considerably heightened by distance.

While I was reporting to General Buell how well things were looking at McCook's front, stout Oakford, riding to the ground where we had left General McCook, rode into the Confederate lines and was captured. The beautiful moon I had paused to admire, and which I thought illumined the good-night salutations of the artillery, and would roll serenely over the resting armies, was, as it turned out, at that moment furnishing light for the latest movement of our left, which was to swing back until the place where I had seen some of the events of the day was ours no longer.

I do not pretend to write of Perryville as one familiar with all its history. For only a part of the time I was where the conflict was going on, and, waiting near a given place for instructions, I made no extended observations. I tell only what I remember of what I saw and heard there. I saw and heard enough, however, to recognize the fact that it was a dreadful struggle. It was not a long fight; but on the Federal side more than nine hundred men lay dead, and within a few score of three thousand lay wounded on the field. The next morning, in carrying some orders, I had occasion to ride along the front of conflict the day before, and saw the wounded of both armies in places almost side by side. Here it was that the prudent admonition of General Buell concerning the water I proposed to waste in washing my face enabled me to moisten the parched lips of suffering wounded men. All the army did not know it, but when General Buell was relieved his army lost a commander who never forgot, under any circumstances, to consider the comfort and safety of his men.

There are persons now living who might write an interesting account of certain movements in the first few days after Perryville. It

is not likely the account will be written by any of those best informed, for probably they all regret, as some have frankly regretted, the occurrences. But, yielding to a clamor that had a political rather than a military purpose in view, there was a movement set on foot that came very near a conspiracy to depose Buell from his command. I heard something of it about the time General Buell was relieved, but I heard more of it a few years ago in a Sunday evening street-corner conversation, when a gentleman who now occupies a most distinguished position gave me some details, and told me that under the law applicable to such cases he thought he might have been shot for his small participation in the matter without any great violation of military justice. But these things are all passed away, and the dignified reserve

of General Buell through many years of what his friends consider injustice and ingratitude, has commended him even to those who were most active in opposing the policy he pursued in his share of the conduct of the war.

After the battle at Perryville, General Bragg's army hastened out of Kentucky, and General Buell's army followed to a given point and then was directed toward Nashville. Contemporaneous criticism at the South saw no reason why Bragg did not whip the Federals, and hold Kentucky. Criticism at the North could not understand why Buell did not capture the whole of Bragg's army and carry it back to Louisville. Probably history will say that Bragg and Buell each conceived and well executed very considerable plans which were frustrated by the exigencies of war.

J. M. Wright.

MOSES AND THE CRITICS.

THE Mosaic account of the creation has given rise to what has been called "conflict literature." It is asserted that the cosmogony in the Book of Genesis is sharply antagonized by modern science, especially by astronomy and geology. On the other hand it is confidently affirmed that the teachings of science, to the full extent in which they are true, coincide with the teachings of the Bible.

Three methods of treating this problem have been proposed. It is suggested, first, that facts well established by natural science flatly contradict the Mosaic account of the creation; hence, the facts must be accepted and Moses must be repudiated. This is the thought of vulgar unbelief. Secondly, science and the Bible can not be reconciled; but the testimony of both is to be received, the science being true to the reason and the Bible true to Christian faith. Inasmuch as reason and faith belong to different species of intelligence, the contradiction ought not to disturb any body's peace of mind. This is the theory of Wagner. But it rests on a distinction between reason and faith which has no foundation in the nature of either. Thirdly, it is contended that the findings of a perfected scientific cosmology are in perfect accord with the Bible rightly interpreted; that is to say, the works of God in creation and providence are in harmony with his

inspired word. This is the position of the Christian philosopher. In a manifesto drawn up at a meeting of the British Association, in 1865, signed by over six hundred gentlemen, many of them eminent for scientific attainments, they declare that "it is impossible for the word of God as written in the book of nature and God's word written in Holy Scripture to contradict one another, however much they may appear to differ."

A survey of the common ground occupied by natural science and Christian theology, and a review of the controversies which have arisen, lead to the expectation that these results will continually occur: First, apparent inconsistencies between nature and revelation will be sufficiently reconciled. Next, accepted solutions of certain outstanding problems will be abandoned for solutions that rest upon a surer basis. And, further, new questions demanding attention will emerge from progressive knowledge and discovery; hence, the end of the controversy is not in sight.

An examination of this literature will show, still further, that much confusion of thought has arisen from the misuse of terms. For example, it ought not to be said that there is a conflict pending between science and the Bible. Our distinguished countryman, the late J. Lawrence Smith, earnestly rejected that idea.

Taking the word science in the sense of a perfected and unerring *scientia*, or knowledge of God's works, and then taking the Bible in its exact meaning, there neither is, nor can be, any disagreement between them. The works of God and his word must, by an invincible necessity, be at one. The contention is either personal or dogmatic. The personal debate is among disputants who, though professing to be philosophers, are in error as to the findings of science, or who, though professing to be theologians, do yet misunderstand the Scriptures. In the dispute between dogmas the antagonism lies between certain unsound views and principles which are derived from imperfect observation and experience on the one hand, and certain unsound interpretations of Scripture on the other. We do great injustice to the cause of truth, both scientific and religious, when we admit that a true knowledge of God's works is at war with a true knowledge of his word. In point of fact all these disputations arise from blunders in science, or from ignorance of the Scriptures, or from spiritual blindness.

A certain fallacy frequently besets the methods of reasoning employed. The facts (*facta*, the things done) are not always accurately observed, or gained by exact experiment, nor are they subjected to the proper tests. Again, theories are too frequently confounded with facts, and these unsound materials are used in the construction of other theories, until the inquiry runs into hopeless confusion. Still further, nothing is more misleading than careless generalizations. These are sometimes too broad, because resting on truths which are too few in number to support them; or they are invalidated by our receiving as true statements of fact that have not been verified, and other statements which are incapable of verification. A similar fault is too often committed by the interpreters of the Bible; they give it a meaning which the Divine Author never intended to express.

In considering the difficulties which are supposed to embarrass the Mosaic account of the creation, it will be convenient to distribute them into classes, which shall be distinct, and shall exhaust the subject.

The first class embraces all those questions in which the meaning of God's word is fully ascertained, and the opposing sciences are immature. Of this class the unity in origin and species of the human race is a fair example. Nobody denies that according to the Book of

Genesis all mankind, without doubt or exception, descended from one man and one woman. But the sacred Author goes further. As if to exclude the suggestion that the first man and woman may have belonged to different families, he is careful to inform us that the woman was taken from the body of the man, so that in a sense most unique the ultimate truth is that the whole human race proceeded from a single progenitor. Paul responds to Moses. He declares that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." (Acts xvii, 26.) Still further, he shows that the doctrine of the apostasy of the human family in one man, Adam, and our redemption by one other man, Jesus Christ, rests upon the basis of the unity of the race. (I Cor., xv, 21-22; Rom., v, 19.) No ingenuity can extort from the Bible any contradictory testimony.

Comparative philology is relied on to break the force of this declaration. The number of languages and dialects, living and dead, known to mankind is estimated at one thousand. Such of them as have been examined are distributed by the philologists into three classes: The isolating or monosyllabic, as the Chinese; the agglutinative or the *outré* polysyllabic, as the Mexican; and the inflexional, as the Greek. The contention is that the countless irreconcilable diversities of these tongues prove the doctrine of the plural origin of the race. But it is to be observed that philology is in its infancy, as it was born among the last of the sciences, and is therefore incomplete. It has not fully mastered the Japanese, or the Chinese and Hindustani in their many dialects. Of the tongues spoken in Central Asia it knows but little; of those spoken by the vast tribes in Central Africa, and by the Aborigines of North and South America, next to nothing. And these peoples taken together make up more than half of the human race. The Christian scholar, with these considerations before him, will adhere to the Bible which affirms the primal unity of mankind, not doubting that when philology shall understand itself, its conclusions will coincide with those of the Divine Word.

We are strengthened in this position by the findings of modern ethnology. The Encyclopedia Britannica, in alluding to a certain theory of Renan, remarks: "This theory, which presupposes the plurality of races, may be very acceptable to the philologists, but it is one with which most ethnologists do not agree.

Where philologists see a difference in nature, ethnologists see rather a difference in degree."² Physiology and pathology also call attention to the identity of all the members of the human family in the anatomical structure and normal temperature of the body; in the average ratio of pulsation and respiration; in passion, instinct, and appetite; in the period of pregnancy; in the nature, life history, and cure of disease; and in the persistent fruitfulness of marriage between the most incongruous people. Above all, human beings everywhere are in possession of a free will and conscience, and are alike in native depravity and religious susceptibility. For the Gospel of Christ is the power of God alike to the European, the Malay, and the Eskimo. Let us believe that a complete and perfected philology will be distinguished by its harmony with the word of God.

The second class of these apparent contradictions embraces those problems in which the natural science is mature and the Bible is not understood. For example, according to the first chapter of Genesis, the firmament is a solid expanse, our globe is the center of the universe, the sun and moon and stars are the earth's satellites. Similar language occurs throughout the Bible. "The sun rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race;" "The sun also ariseth and goeth down;" "The earth is established that it can not be moved." For more than thirty-five hundred years these representations were accepted as strictly true. At the discovery of the Copernican system faith was severely staggered. But in due time it was observed that a sound distinction is to be taken between what is true to the appearance and what is true astronomically. That the earth is at rest, that the sun revolves every day around the earth, moving from east to west, is not less true to the appearance of things than the doctrine that the earth revolves yearly around the sun and daily on its axis from west to east is true to ascertained science. This is the language, also, of common life. Every rational man talks about the rising and setting sun, and about the sun crossing the meridian and sinking below the horizon, and he will do so to the end of the world. Further, the philosophers themselves, however hostile to revelation, and however fastidious in the use of terms, habitually speak of the sky as a concave vault, of the path of the sun and of its right ascension and declination. In

solving this question we follow common sense; we do not strain the language of Scripture in order to bring it into harmony with science; nor do we resort to interpretations of Scripture other than such as we might adopt if the problem had never arisen. The Bible and the science being understood they are seen to be at one.

We now come upon the third class of the matters at issue; and this class, with the other two, exhausts the subject. Here the findings of science are incomplete, and the proper explanation of the Bible is not yet reached. The biblical account of the creation raises certain important questions of this description in astronomy and geology. The astronomers propound such inquiries as these, Was the light of the first day solar or terrestrial? If solar, how did it occur that the sun was not "made" until the fourth day? If terrestrial, how were the alternations of day and night produced? Did not the earth begin to revolve on its axis and in its orbit until the fourth day? According to the computation of Herschel, the "Milky Way" is so remote from the earth that the light of its suns or stars could reach us only after a "journey of one hundred and twenty thousand years; and the rays of light from the remotest nebulae must have been almost two millions of years on their way."†

The geologists call our attention to the fossil-bearing rocks. These are said to be from seven to ten miles in thickness, measured from the surface of the earth downward. Among these deposits are the coals, which are of vegetable origin. The remains of animals occur also in immense quantities, from the skeletons of land and sea monsters to those of animalculæ so small that forty thousand are accommodated within the compass of a single cubic inch. But a fact which is full of significance is that no traces of man, either of his person or his works, have been discovered in the fossiliferous strata, which are older than the creation of the first man and woman. Prof. Virchow, of Berlin, is perhaps the foremost physiologist and biologist of this generation. In a speech at the Ter-Centenary of the University of Edinburgh, Virchow said "that he had been specially occupied for twenty years in making prehistoric investigations to get near the 'primitive man,' and he can get no nearer than Adam. He began by thinking that the existence of a predecessor of man was

²*Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th edition, vol. viii, p. 622.

†Kalish on Genesis, p. 39.

a possibility, perhaps a probability; but no *pro-anthropos* had been discovered, *not even a fragment of him.*" He had studied skulls, great numbers of them, and says, emphatically, "In my judgment, no skull hitherto discovered can be regarded as that of the predecessor of man."* Our countryman, Edward Hitchcock, remarks that the "remains of man are found only in alluvium, the most recent of the formations."† These eminent authorities in science point to the conclusion that man, and with him the present creation, is of comparatively recent origin.

Astronomy and geology open, as we have now seen, an important debate. In the treatment of this problem it is to be observed that, according to its conditions, the physical sciences are immature, and the word of God in regard to them is not fully understood.

Astronomy is an older science by far than geology, and its main doctrines are better established. But even astronomy has, confessedly, much to learn. The manner in which light is propagated enters deeply into these discussions. But the astronomers are to this day divided with respect to the rival claims of the corpuscular theory or the motion of free particles of light, and the undulatory theory or the doctrine of wave-propagation. And many of the propositions of the astronomer in regard to the fixed stars rest not on mathematical proof, but upon the unverified assumption "that every thing which has been ascertained as to the nature and motion of light in our solar system must be equally true of the fixed stars."‡

The department of geology which deals with the fossil-bearing rocks is beset with uncertainties. The science is of recent origin, not being older than the present century. The geologists have not explored the crust of the earth below the depth of eight or ten miles, reminding one of an orange of which the rind only has been pierced. According to Mr. Huxley, "only about the ten-thousandth part of the accessible portion of the earth has been examined properly;" and "three fifths of the surface is shut out from us, because it is under the sea."§ Moreover, many of the phenomena, and many of the most plausible theories of the geologists are in dispute. On the other hand, biblical scholars are not agreed in their interpretations of certain Hebrew words which are

essential to the inquiry. The word *yom*, for example, translated day, in the first chapter of Genesis, is taken by some of our best authorities to mean a literal day of twenty-four hours, and by others, equally distinguished, to mean an unmeasured period or *Eon*, covering many thousands, possibly millions of years. Nor have the Hebrew words translated, to *create*, to *form*, and to *make*, been defined to the entire satisfaction of the interpreters of the Bible. In the problem now before us, the prime conditions are unsettled—the sciences are immature, and the word of God is not yet understood.

It is not difficult to determine the attitude which we should occupy in regard to this unsolved problem. We should hold to the inerrancy of the Scriptures fairly interpreted; and should assume that modern science, so far as it impeaches the Bible, is incapable of verification. And we should confidently affirm that the word and works of God will be in perfect accord when the facts are all in and are finally classified, and when the word of God is made plain. But, in the present unsettled state of the sciences and in our imperfect knowledge of some of the Scriptures, we must submit to a suspension of judgment as to what will be the final solution of the problem. But we need not abide in that state of suspense without some relief.

It is proper to seek a resting place for the mind in the form of a provisional solution, an explanation *ad interim*, which shall appear to harmonize the phenomena in astronomy and geology, so far as they are now understood, with the word of God, so far as that is understood. The analogy is found in the working hypothesis of the philosopher, and in the interlocutory decree and temporary injunction of a court of justice. The use of the hypothesis is to help the philosopher in his investigations. The use of the legal proceeding is to quiet the parties for the time being, and save all their rights from prejudice until the cause can be fully heard and finally decided. It is proper and it may be wise for the religious inquirer to adopt a similar method of thought amid the controversies now under consideration.

No fewer than five explanations have been proposed. Two of these may be disposed of in a few words. According to the first, the Mosaic history of the creation should be taken as a poetical description, with the concession to it of the usual poetical license in dealing

*The Presbyterian (Phila.), Sept. 10, 1884.

†Elementary Geology. Ed. 1863, p. 385.

‡Keil and Delitzsch on the Pent. I. 50.

§Huxley on Origin of Species, p. 38.

with historical facts. According to the second theory, a vision of the creation, distributed in six scenes, passed before the mind of Moses; and visionary representations should not be subjected to a rigid scientific analysis. These explanations do not explain Moses — they simply impeach his inspiration.

But it is open to the inquirer to choose provisionally one of three solutions. First, God made all things out of nothing by the word of his power in the space of six days. By this it is meant that God created the heavenly bodies and the earth and all its fossils, vegetable and animal, *in situ* after the analogy of plants, trees, and animals made full grown. This doctrine was commonly received in the church until the age of Copernicus; it was formulated by the Westminster divines, and is ably defended by Keil. However improbable it may be considered, it is every way more probable than the allegation that Moses, whether wantonly or ignorantly, has deceived his readers.

Another explanation is supported by the authority and learning of such men as Cuvier, Hugh Miller, Ebrard, and Schultz. They maintain that the six "days" of the biblical narrative are periods of indefinite lengths—perhaps innumerable millennia—one day being with the Lord as a thousand years. Within these immeasurable creative days ample time was afforded for the geological formations, and within them also the heavenly bodies, including the most distant nebulae, were created and set in their orbits, and their light began and finished its journey of ages to the earth. The profound and exhaustive treatises in which this hypothesis is expounded give it a persuasive power.

A third scheme of reconciliation is proposed by Chalmers, Hengstenberg, Kurtz, and Edward Hitchcock, and is now almost universally adopted by our best authorities both biblical and scientific. These writers distinguish between a first and a second creation, both being described in the first two verses of Genesis. Thus:

1. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

2. "And the earth was without form [*waste*, Rev. Version] and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

The first verse, it is said, describes the early or original creation of the earth and the heavenly bodies. The second verse sets forth the chaos and darkness in which the earth, having

been swept off life, was found by the Spirit of Life brooding upon it. The blank space between these two verses, as printed, covers a vast period, during which successive orders of animals and vegetables, some of them colossal, flourished, died, and were fossilized. Ample time was also given wherein light from the most distant stars could reach the earth. The subsequent verses contain a narrative of the Mosaic creation in six days of twenty-four hours each. The first appearance of the light and the alternations of day and night before the fourth day are variously accounted for. Some hold that the light was terrestrial and its daily motions were regulated by the Almighty. According to Hugh Miller, the mist and darkness which enveloped the earth were dispersed, at the Divine command, by the power of the sun. The current theories of the nature and motion of light may be easily adjusted to either of these explanations.

One other branch of the general question remains. The infliction of death upon myriads of living animals before the creation and fall of man is involved in the second and third of these explanations, an assumption which is thought to be inconsistent with the doctrine that sin brought death into the world. To this suggestion the first answer may well be, that the Bible nowhere intimates that brutes die because man sinned. "Death passed upon all *men*, because all have sinned." Next, by the very nature of the brute, he can not suffer death in the sense of the sentence passed on man; that sentence included not only the dissolution of the body, but moral depravity also, and the destruction of both soul and body hereafter. And, further, man by sin reduces himself in many forms to the level of the brute beasts; and his death marks his degradation. "As one dieth so dieth the other; so that a man has no pre-eminence above the beast." (Eccl. iii, 19.)

Such is the commonly accepted explanation of the astronomy and geology of Genesis. It is not necessary that one should acquaint himself with the science of geology, with all its facts, ascertained or alleged, its intricate theories and endless disputations in order to justify himself in adhering steadfastly to the truth of the Mosaic cosmogony. He is at liberty to adopt either of the explanations above proposed as provisional only, a temporary resting place for the mind until the investigation shall be completed. Or he may abide in the conclusion that among so many solutions sup-

ported by established facts and high authority, some of them will be finally verified. He may be sure that a generalization will at length be reached which shall include in its expression the many and varied phenomena of nature with all the declarations concerning them of the written Word.

Whenever the facts in geology shall be fully established and rightly interpreted, it will be seen that the earth, no less than the heavens, declares the glory of God; geology showing the supremacy of the Almighty through incomputable time even as astronomy acknowledges his supremacy through immeasurable space. If indeed the mountains are the crowded catacombs of worlds older than they; if the rocks, like the undissolving snows of the frozen zones, mark in their successive layers the lapse of ages; if their strata are scrolls upon which the orders of life long since extinct have perpetuated, after the manner of an unconscious

autobiography, the history of themselves; if they are filled with inscriptions, monumental of worlds ages ago dissolved, not chiseled in upon the surface but wrought into their very substance and structure—what if these things be true? Has geology its prophecy as well as its history?

If the present order of things was preceded by those less perfect, is it to be followed by others more glorious? "A new heaven and a new earth" are promised; is the present creation one of a series, the first and rudest of which is in the bosom of the past, and the last and most sublime is in the womb of the future? Is our dispensation but one link in the ever-brightening chain of God's eternal Providence? By such inquiries does the human mind reveal its aspirations and its ignorance. Let us reverently wait for further disclosures.

"Parts, like half sentences, confound;
The whole conveys the sense, and God is understood."

Edward P. Humphrey.

GONE OVER.

I.

"Come hither, come hither!" the broom was in blossom all over yon rise,

There went a wide murmur of brown bees about it with songs from the wood:

"We shall never be younger; O love, let us forth for the world 'neath our eyes—

Ay, the world is made young e'en as we, and right fair is her youth and right good."

II.

Then there fell the great yearning upon me that never yet went into words,

While lovesome and moansome thereon spake and falter'd the dove to the dove,

And I came at her calling: "Inherit, inherit! and sing with the birds."

I went up to the wood with the child of my heart, and the wife of my love.

III.

O pure! O pathetic! Wild hyacinth drank it, the dream-light apace.

Not a leaf moved at all 'neath the blue, they hung waiting for messages kind;

Tall cherry trees dropped their white blossom that drifted no whit from its place,

For the south very far out to sea had the lulling low voice of the wind.

IV.

And the child's dancing foot gave us part in the ravishment almost a pain;

An infinite tremor of life, a fond murmur that cried out on time,

Ah, short! must all end in the doing and spend itself sweetly in vain,

And the promise be only fulfillment to lean from the height of its prime?

V.

"We shall never be younger!" nay, mock me not, fancy, none call from yon tree:

They have thrown me the world, they went over, went up; and, alas! for my part,

I am left to grow old, and to grieve and to change, but they change not with me,

They will never be older, the child of my love and the wife of my heart.

Jean Ingelow.

THE LAST BATTLES OF HARDEE'S CORPS.

FOR a long time previous to the evacuation of Charleston the Confederate troops on the South Carolina coast were subjected to incessant duty along the lines and in the fortifications, involving hardships that were exceptional even in the Southern army. This section had been almost drained of men to recruit the Virginia army, so that the few left scattered along the coast were compelled to do an amount of guard and picket duty that should have been the task of five times their number. Week after week the same relay of men was kept on picket, often on actual post duty eight hours at a time without relief, exposed to weather which at that time was very cold and rainy. Rations were slim and clothing scant, so it was with satisfaction that the men learned, on the evening of the 16th of February, 1865, that they were to evacuate the lines at daylight and move northward. Sherman had marched across the State from Savannah, Georgia, and was at that moment in Columbia, South Carolina, which city he burned the next day. All communication between the coast and the interior having been destroyed, there was nothing to do but to evacuate it and endeavor to concentrate all the forces in North Carolina.

Early on the morning of the 17th the various commands on James Island abandoned their positions and began their march northward. The route of the Eighteenth battalion, with which I was connected, lay toward Bee's Ferry, across the Ashley River, which point it was thought a detachment of the enemy was threatening. About a mile from the bridge we met Captain H. M. Stuart's battery of artillery, and with his men manned some breastworks that commanded the approach to the ferry. The enemy, however, refrained from attacking our position, and at daybreak the next morning we crossed the bridge, and on the old State road, about five miles from the river, met the other troops from the neighboring islands and forts.

All the troops gathered here were organized into two brigades, respectively commanded by Brigadier-General Stephen Elliott and Colonel Alfred Rhett, both forming a division under Major-General Talliaferro, numbering about three thousand men. Our route was directed along the State road across the old, historic Goose Creek bridge, which was burned as soon as the last of the troops had passed over. The

men had started on the march with as much luggage as they could carry; most of them had been for a long time accustomed only to garrison duty, and having little experience in the field soon began to feel the hardships of the march. They lost little time in throwing aside their *impedimenta*, retaining only one blanket and the suit of clothes that each man actually wore. The surplus articles were thrown aside, and for some miles both sides of the road were strewn with knapsacks, articles of clothing, etc. Many of the men did not possess shoes, but went along barefooted in the cold and wet, hobbling painfully on their bruised, bleeding feet; and a number had to be carried in ambulances from sheer inability to walk. Further on we were joined by the remainder of the troops from the northern side of Cooper River, and were all under the personal command of Lieutenant-General W. J. Hardee.

During much of this march the weather was cold and disagreeable; and when we halted at dark it was to form a cheerless camp, with the rain falling, and every particle of food or clothing saturated. Within a few minutes after a halt, even under a steady rain, fires would be burning and quickly extend through the bivouac. If a civilian should attempt to kindle a fire with soaked wood under a steady rain, he would find his patience sorely tried; but the soldiers seemed to have no trouble.

After the fires were kindled we had to wait for the arrival of the commissary wagons; and it was not uncommon for a detail of men to be sent back in the night to help push the wagons through the mud; weary, footsore, hungry, in the dark, up to the knees in mud, heaving on the wheels of a stalled wagon! It was often late at night before the wagons were got up and rations could be obtained.

The men, of course, had to take turns in the use of the two or three frying-pans carried for each company, and when worn down by marching from early dawn until dark it was disheartening to have to wait one's turn, which often did not come until eleven o'clock at night. Frequently the men, rather than wait for the frying-pan, would fry their scraps of bacon on the coals, and make the corn-meal into dough, which they would wrap around the ends of their ramrods and toast in the fire. When the rations were drawn they consisted of only

seven ounces of bacon and one pint of cornmeal to the man per day; and on several occasions even these could not be had, and the men went to sleep supperless, and nothing to eat during the next day. The commissary department of the corps seemed to be unequal to the occasion, but this fact is not surprising when the rapidity of the march and desolation of the country are considered. Nevertheless, on several occasions the writer's command passed forty hours without receiving any rations, and once sixty hours, so that we were glad of an opportunity to beg at any farmhouse for an ear of corn with which to alleviate our hunger.

All along the line of march large numbers of men were constantly deserting. Nightly, under cover of darkness, many would sneak from their bivouacs and go off, not to the enemy, but to their homes. They had lost heart and hope, and had become tired of the war; the distressing accounts that reached them of the sufferings of their families were to them irresistible impulses to desert the cause. Many companies that contained perhaps seventy men each when they left the coast were within a few weeks reduced to less than half this number by this one cause; so that by the time Hardee's corps reached well into North Carolina only those men remained with their commands who were actuated, not by any "vindictive feeling" as Sherman asserts, but by a sense of duty as sternly conscientious as ever animated a soldier.

About the 1st of March our corps reached Cheraw, South Carolina, which we left two days later. Here Sherman, who had crossed the State from Columbia, pressed us closely, and while we were evacuating the town there was a sharp cavalry skirmish near the bridge over the Pee Dee, in which General Wade Hampton, in his knightly way, with only his staff, charged so impetuously directly into the Federal forces that he drove them back for a sufficient length of time to enable the last one of our men to get safely across the bridge, which we were at the moment in the act of burning. The line of march was then directed through Rockingham, North Carolina, to Fayetteville, where there was again a sharp skirmish with the enemy, and the bridge over the Cape Fear River burned by our troops. Here the South Carolina State troops—old men and boys, who were taken from the cradle and the grave—were recalled by Governor Magrath, and marched westward back to their own

State. Hardee was so closely pressed by Sherman that on the 15th of March he determined to make a stand in a strong position between the Cape Fear and Black rivers, near Averysboro, North Carolina, and at early dawn of the morning of the 16th was attacked full in his front (for his corps had now faced about) by the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps of the Federal army and a portion of Kilpatrick's cavalry, aggregating about 20,000 men. Some of the troops from around Wilmington had joined Hardee's force just the day before, so that the Confederates numbered 4,500. The fighting was very stubborn, and at first principally sustained by the right and middle of our line; but soon the entire line became engaged. Although we had only a little over one fifth as many men as the Federals, we held our positions and repulsed repeated assaults until our left was turned by an adroit flank movement of the enemy. Our men then fell back about five hundred yards to a line of breastworks, where we were again, later in the day, unsuccessfully assaulted. A sharp picket firing was kept up between the opposing forces until about midnight, when we abandoned our position and fell back toward Elevation. In this battle the Confederate loss in killed, wounded, and captured was about 500; and the writer was informed the next day by some of Kilpatrick's cavalymen, who had only a few moments before been captured, that the Federal loss was about 2,500.

Our men were allowed a day's rest near Elevation, and a little before daylight on the morning of the 19th were aroused and forced forward by a rapid march to Bentonville, where we arrived early in the afternoon, a short time after the engagement there had begun. Talliaferro's division halted for a few moments upon ground that had just been the scene of a fight, and from which the Confederate troops had repulsed the Federals. A number of the dead and wounded were still lying about, but the surgeons were busy with the latter, as the bloody, rough tables that we had just passed alongside of the road amply testified. Twelve or fifteen wounded Federals had been gathered in from the immediate front, and they entreated our men for water, which some of us gladly supplied, even to the emptying of several canteens, at what we knew was an important time. One of our men—a thrifty fellow, who always manages to have things—produced a little flask of whisky, and gave a good drink to a Federal who had

his leg badly crushed. The blue-coat raised his eyes to Heaven with, "Thank God, Johnnie; it may come around that I may be able to do you a kindness, and I'll never forget this drink of liquor." We were not allowed to remain long relieving the suffering, but soon were called to the "attention," and received orders to create it, by an attack upon the enemy from our extreme right. We promptly moved into position through a forest thickly grown with underbrush, which greatly impeded our movements. The division then faced to the front, and charged through the woods, completely running over the Federal videttes, and forcing the enemy's main line back across an open field to a thick forest of trees upon the other side. Our line became so disorganized in the charge, from the thickness of the woods, that it was halted on the edge of the field for re-establishment. The enemy took advantage of this delay to bring into position opposite a couple of batteries of artillery. Our orders now were to charge directly across the field, Elliott's brigade leading. The men started at the double-quick, steadily, and in good order from the woods into the field, when they were met with rapid volleys of grape and canister shot, besides a heavy rifle-fire. The men held on well until within about fifty yards of the Federal line, when they suddenly wavered, halted, and then retired with the utmost precipitation. A panic had seized this brigade, incomprehensible as it was inexcusable. But it was simply the fact. The other brigade of this division, under the command of Colonel Butler (Colonel Rhett having been captured at Averysboro), which was to support Elliott's in this assault, stood well and held to the last all the ground that the division had taken. The brigade was soon reformed in the woods, and again moved forward to the line from which we had driven the Federals in the first assault. This position the division held until midnight, sustaining for a couple of hours toward and after dark a heavy shelling from the field-pieces just in our front.

Here could have been seen what civilians consider a phenomenon—men sleeping on a battle-field actually under fire. Old soldiers understand this, and know that it is very common. Some of the men, worn by fatigue, while lying down in line actually went to sleep, philosophically indifferent to the shells that were tearing through the trees, bursting over their heads, and occasionally causing casualties. During these few hours it was piti-

able to hear the groans and cries of the wounded men just in our front, where they had fallen in the charge. Some of these men were brought off, but others could not be reached, and died where they fell. About midnight the line was withdrawn, and the men moved through Egyptian darkness back to the neighborhood of the position from which we had at first started. Here, at daylight on the 20th, we intrenched, and what was of more consequence to most of us, obtained a scant meal; the first food we had had since the night of the 18th. The numbers of the enemy in our front had been so evidently increased, that our men in ordinary line of battle could not cover the opposite ground, so they had to be deployed singly about four feet apart. In this way our line, a mere thread, held the intrenchments, which were threatened by the enemy, but not deliberately assaulted. Had they known our weakness, they could easily have run right through us. Talliaferro's division held this position upon the extreme right until the afternoon of the 21st, when the Federals assaulted, and broke through the line upon the extreme left of our army. The danger at this point was for some time very critical, but General Hampton quickly gathered some cavalry, and a portion of a Georgia brigade, and with them routed the Federals and restored the line. It was at this spot that General Hardee's son was killed in the *melée*. Talliaferro's division was also at once hurried across to the scene of the fight, but arrived there a few moments after quiet was restored; but was then placed in charge of the line at this point, the left of the command resting on Mill Creek.

During the night Johnston's army fell back from the position it had taken and held, in the form of a horse-shoe, and made one of those remarkable retreats for which this General is so famous. There was but one bridge across Mill Creek, and over it the entire army defiled during the night, and when daylight of the 22d appeared there were only a few of our cavalry videttes upon the enemy's side of the creek. The army halted three or four miles from the creek, and on the next morning proceeded on toward Goldsboro. In this battle, near Bentonville, Johnston's entire army did not comprise more than 14,000 men, while the Federal troops present on the 19th numbered 35,000, and on the 20th and 21st 60,000. Sherman, in his memoirs, acknowledges the great disparity of numbers, and says that if he had been aware of the fact at the time he

would have overwhelmed Johnston! The Confederate losses were about 2,500 men, and those of the Federals about 4,000. It is a subject for interesting thought to know how it was that both at Averysboro and Bentonville a small army of Confederates could hold in check nearly five times their number of Federals. But it was certainly done. It can be explained only on the hypothesis that Sherman's army in North Carolina was a very different organization from the same army from Chattanooga to Atlanta. The unresisted march through Georgia and South Carolina must have demoralized the men. Whereas, the force under Johnston had shrunk to its small proportions from the desertion of the inferior and unreliable men in the commands, so that toward the close the men who stuck to their colors were actuated by their sense of duty

and manhood—qualities that make the finest soldiers.

On the 22d of March, 1865, the writer's active connection with the Confederate army ceased. Worn down by illness he was placed in an ambulance and ultimately carried to Greensboro, where he lay for over a month in the extemporized hospital of the Episcopal church, and then the court-house, on the bare floor, without the pretense of a mattress, with only his one dirty blanket for a covering, and actually two bricks that he obtained from the street for a pillow. By May he was able to tramp three hundred miles to his home, on the one hand oppressed with a sense of failure and keen disappointment, on the other, cheered by the consciousness that he had tried to do his duty during the four years of the unfortunate struggle.

A. P. Ford.

GEORGE MASON.

I.

THE Bill of Rights and original Constitution of the State of Virginia constitute the first written form of government ever adopted by a free people. A model was thus presented, more or less closely followed by the other States, and largely used in the construction of the original form of the Constitution of the United States. George Mason, of Gunston Hall, commonly known to his contemporaries as Colonel Mason, was the author of those remarkable papers which were long attributed, even in Virginia, to the pen of Mr. Jefferson. The name and fame of George Mason are well known to students and scholars, but to the people they are almost unknown.

The founder of this distinguished family in this country was Colonel George Mason, of England, who commanded a cavalry regiment in the royal army in the great civil war. He fought through the war with gallantry and distinction; and when the royal cause was lost, when the king had been put to death, and Cromwell had become possessed of supreme power, he withdrew from England, sailed for America, and landed and settled at Norfolk, Virginia. From this gentleman, fifth in descent was George Mason, of Gunston Hall, the

celebrated statesman of the American Revolution. Prior to the Revolution George Mason, probably the great-grandfather of Colonel Mason, attained a bad eminence in colonial history by being fined certain hogsheads of tobacco for cruelty to the Indians.

George Mason, the statesman, was born in Stafford County, Virginia, in the year 1725. He was married on the 4th day of April, 1750, to Ann Eilbeck, daughter of William Eilbeck, of Charles County, Maryland. In the year 1755 he built the mansion of Gunston Hall, and there established his home; there, in the year 1790, he died, and was buried beside his wife, who had preceded him to the final rest. When old, and after his powers had failed, he married again, but of this lady nothing of importance is to be said. George Mason was about five feet ten inches in height, stout and powerfully built, active and graceful, and was generally considered one of the handsomest men of his day. He was of a dark complexion, regular features, and grave and dignified aspect in repose, but his manners were most engaging. His seat on horseback was elegant, his bearing noble, and he was the best horseman in the colony. He excelled in manly exercises,

and in field and aquatic sports, and seldom rode abroad without his rifle at his saddle-bow. He was educated at home, and mainly by his father, a gentleman accomplished in the learning of those times, and a devout and blameless man.

Colonel Mason never studied law as a profession, but no man ever exhibited profounder knowledge of the great fundamental principles of law and the science of government, nor a more just conception of the natural inalienable rights of man, and of his obligations and duties as a member of society. Entering upon his public career at an early age, from the first the impress of his genius was strongly stamped upon the course of public affairs, and he exercised a potent influence upon the destinies of the people of America. Among the earliest public productions of his pen was a remarkable letter addressed to the merchants of London, remonstrating against the exactions of the crown levied upon the trade of the colonies, and presenting a powerful argument against the impolicy of these exactions in behalf of the interests of the merchants. In the interests of these same merchants one of his latest letters was to Patrick Henry, presenting a strong protest against the wrong and impolicy of repudiation of the British debts by the colonists after the Revolution.

In the days of the Revolution speeches and debates were meagerly and erroneously reported, usually from memory after the lapse of time, hence the task of doing justice to any of the great men who took part in those intellectual combats is one of great difficulty; moreover, the greater part of the original materials, meager at first, have now perished. In 1769, Colonel Mason, though not at that time a member of the House of Burgesses, drew up and forwarded to them a set of resolutions prohibiting the importation into the colony of any article stamped, taxed, or duties by the British Parliament. These resolutions the Burgesses unanimously adopted, and thereupon Botetourt dissolved them and ordered them off as treason-mongers of a most rebellious spirit; or words to that effect.

July the 17th, 1774, the freeholders of Fairfax County assembled in general meeting at the court-house, George Washington in the chair. George Mason presented the celebrated Fairfax resolutions, which were unanimously adopted. These resolutions are a dignified, manly protest against the aggressions of the crown, and present the most able and lucid exposition of

the points at issue to be found among the public documents of the times.

Having been elected a member of the convention, Colonel Mason was placed next after Pendleton, the chairman, on the Committee of Safety, in which position he exercised a commanding influence and greatly increased his high reputation by his ability and capacity for great affairs. Pendleton brought forward a resolution presenting squarely to that body the question of instructing the Virginia delegation in Congress to vote for a declaration of independence. This resolution, powerfully supported by Mason, Henry, and others, was, according to Mr. Madison, the nucleus from which afterward evolved the Declaration of Independence. It was about this time that Mason was elected to Congress, but declined to serve.

May 15th, 1776, a committee, including Mr. Mason, having been appointed to draw up a bill of rights and a constitution for the State of Virginia, George Mason, Mr. Madison declares, as if by tacit consent of the men who formed that committee, at once took the lead and drew up the Bill of Rights, which, with immaterial alterations, was adopted. He was, also, continues Mr. Madison, the author and master-builder of the Constitution, being thus the main architect of the first form of government perfected in America.

Colonel Mason retired for a time from public life to the quiet of his home at Gunston Hall to repair his private affairs, which he always managed with consummate skill and success; to educate his children, and to enjoy the blessings of home, with wife, children, and friends. Even in this retirement, however, he could not disengage himself from public affairs. His judgment was so valued and sought by his great contemporaries upon every public question of importance that Gunston Hall came to be a sort of political headquarters, where he was visited and consulted by most of the active statesmen of the day. This was before the political estrangement which afterward separated Mason and Washington, and the latter was at that time, being a near neighbor, one of his most frequent visitors.

Between Mason and Henry a close and cordial friendship and political intimacy and accord existed to the end. It is certain that at this time, and until the final adoption of the Constitution, which he opposed, he was the political leader in Virginia. And it was mainly through the revival and final triumph of

his political ideas that Mr. Jefferson at last came to the head of affairs. Mr. Jefferson himself declares that, among those who acted on the theater of our American Revolution, "George Mason was a truly great man and of the first order of greatness," and there is much other competent testimony to establish that among his contemporaries and compatriots, he was very generally regarded as the wisest of them all. Not long since, the Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, formerly of President Filmore's Cabinet, informed the writer that his father, Judge Archibald Stuart, had often said that he remembered to have heard that sentiment and opinion commonly expressed by some of the most prominent men of that day.

In the year 1781 a storm arose which for a time threatened to engulf the country thus early in the horrors of civil war. The contention was over the public domain claimed by Virginia in the Northwest. Colonel Mason came forward at this critical juncture in a public letter, eloquently pleading the cause of harmony and peace, counseling mutual forbearance and concession, and outlining the conditions of cession afterward adopted. Doubtless the sage of Gunston Hall was thus unconsciously accomplishing the modification of the history of America and thereby of the entire modern world.

In 1785, at the suggestion and by and with the advice and assistance of Colonel Mason, Mr. Madison wrote the celebrated memorial and remonstrance against the assessment for the maintenance of teachers of the Christian religion. This paper was made the basis of the State campaign, the elections turned upon it, and the State was canvassed by Mason, Madison, Henry, Grayson, Nicholas, and others, and, under the influence of the public sentiment thus evoked, the statute establishing religious freedom became a law. Of this statute Mr. Jefferson claims the authorship, but the mere draughtsmanship of such a paper is of little consequence, and indeed the bill itself is neither well drawn nor happily expressed, whereas it is prefaced by a long, verbose, badly written preamble which is of not the least consequence, except as a curious relic of those early times. The enactment of the law at that time was due to the initiative taken by Mason and the powerful advocacy of the leading men, of whom Mr. Jefferson, then in France, was not one.

In 1787 the convention sat in Philadelphia, charged with the duty of framing a federal

compact between the States in the form of a constitution for the United States. Colonel Mason was a delegate from Virginia, and took his seat at the opening of the session. On that day he wrote to his son as follows: "May God grant that we may be able to establish a wise and just government. For my own part I never before felt myself in such a situation, and I declare that I would not upon pecuniary consideration serve in this body for £1,000 per diem. The revolt from Great Britain and the foundation of our new government at that time were as nothing as compared to the great business now before us. There was a certain degree of enthusiasm which inspired and supported the Union, but to view through the calm and sedate medium of reason the influence which the establishment now proposed may have upon the happiness of millions yet unborn is a subject of such magnitude as absorbs and in a manner suspends the human understanding." With what strenuous earnestness and ability he entered upon those solemn duties, of the tremendous import of which he here expresses so just a sense, they who consult the sadly meager records of that convention will not fail to discover. Of the great doctrine of State-rights within the Union he was the author, expounder, and original champion and defender. This doctrine he elaborated with masterly ability and defended with uncompromising zeal from first to last in every stage of the proceedings. Seeing, however, that the great doctrine was not securely embodied in the Constitution as finally adopted by the convention, he declared he would sooner chop off his right hand than sign with it, on the part of his State, that instrument as it then stood. He believed and maintained that it would be possible to frame a federal government of clearly defined and strictly limited powers, preserving intact the right of the several States to manage all domestic concerns. He differed from the majority in refusing to believe that the Constitution as adopted was such a government. He believed and declared that it did provide unchecked facilities if not actual methods for the final absorption of all powers and all rights of the States by the central government. Refusing, therefore, to sign the Constitution, he withdrew from the convention and returned to Virginia, where, in concert with his friend and coadjutor, the redoubtable Henry, he prepared to canvass the State in opposition to its adoption. The canvass for the Constitution was personally directed

by General Washington from Mount Vernon, Mr. Madison being the chief of his active lieutenants. We must reserve for the present the consideration of this memorable struggle, and proceed with the details of the Federal Convention.

As a member of that body, Colonel Mason was the author or advocate of many important features of the Constitution, while on the other hand his strenuous opposition was fatal to not a few propositions which would otherwise have been incorporated into the instrument. It is not too much to say that no other member exercised a more decided influence upon every stage of the proceedings. Every proposition which threatened the integrity of any of the reserved rights of the States was promptly met by his stern, uncompromising opposition. No such proposition could evade his sagacious scrutiny; he instantly assailed it with all its power, dragging it to the light for exposure and denunciation. By means of prohibitive duties he declared it would be the successful purpose of the carrying and manufacturing States of the North to lay tribute upon the product of the staple States of the South, thus building up wealthy and populous Northern communities, while reducing at the same time the people of the South to a state of vassalage to the merchants of the North. "Aye," said William Grayson, one of the ablest men then living, now so little known, "give those people the money and they will put the population where they please."

On the 31st day of May the idea seems to have first come to the front in convention, that the Federal Government must have the power to coerce and punish a State placing itself in opposition to its will. Promptly the great Virginian assailed it with all his powers, and forced its tacit retirement for the time, and it never again came up in the form of a definite proposition, until it came up in the form of secession, to be submitted to the deadly arbitrament of the sword. Following the course of developments in the convention we find that, when a proposition was brought forward to elect the House of Representatives by the legislatures of the several States, Colonel Mason delivered a powerful argument against the motion, urgently insisting upon the prime necessity of electing that house by the people, and arguing that all bills disposing of the people's money should originate in that chamber. He proposed that the President be elected for a term of seven years, and be thereafter inelig-

ible, and that he be removable by impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors as well as for bribery and treason. He held it to be dangerous to lodge in the hands of one man the vast patronage of the Government, the only executive council, the Cabinet, subservient to their chief, by whom they were appointed, would be tempted to band together to conceal corruption. Therefore he argued in favor of an executive council to be chosen from different sections, consisting of six members. One member only, viz., Benjamin Franklin, seconded this motion and made an argument in favor of Mason's views. Shortly afterward Colonel Mason again spoke in favor of fixing the pay of Congress by constitutional provision, or they would in time enormously and corruptly increase their own emoluments. This stern patriot was in favor of forestalling by constitutional prohibition those rascally "salary grabs" of which we have heard in our time.

On the 10th day of August Colonel Mason moved to amend the Sixth Article, so that no tax should be laid upon exports, as a measure of protection for the products of the staple States, and the salvation of their people from a state of vassalage to the merchants of the manufacturing and carrying States. He maintained his views in a very powerful speech, declaring that he would never sign or support a constitution which did not fully and properly protect the staple States, and secure them amply against the rapacious schemes of the Northern merchants to monopolize their products and trade.

Again, on the 13th day of August he made a last effort against the centralizing character of the government proposed. He argued that the United States must have a qualified sovereignty only, the States explicitly retaining exclusive power to regulate their domestic affairs and concerns, and above all that Congress be explicitly prohibited from interfering in any way, manner, shape, or form, with the rights and qualifications of the voters of the several States.

At length, the convention having completed its labor and adopted the Constitution in its final form, Mason rose, as the members were about performing their last duty of signing the perfected instrument, and delivered with great solemnity a most memorable and remarkable speech. Then it was that he declared most solemnly that he would sooner cut off his right hand than sign, on behalf of his State,

that instrument as it then stood; for he was firmly convinced that it provided for a government which nothing could prevent from becoming in fact a centralized despotism, irresponsible, tyrannical, and oppressive. Having delivered this speech he withdrew from the convention, refusing to sign the Constitution, as did Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, and Edmund Randolph, of Virginia.

This brief, disjointed sketch will convey to the mind some idea of the influence and power of George Mason, and of the scope of his vast abilities and attainments. I reserve for a future paper the discussion of the part he bore in the struggle which ensued in Virginia upon the adoption of the Constitution, with a presentation of some of the few scraps of his literary relics which are yet in existence.

M. G. Ellzey, M. D.

THE CITY OF GOLD.

Maddened with a thirst for gold,
Men's hearts, in the times of old,
Far over the sea and wold

Miraged its Shadow:

As to Faith is Heaven known,
So, beyond a far off zone,
A city—all of gold—there shone,
Called, then, El Dorado.

From the castled land of Spain,
Many a bold knight with his train,
Far across the Western main

Chased this wild Shadow:

Where the hoarse tornado blows,
Where the trackless forest grows,
Wandering,—where, no mortal knows!—
Sought they El Dorado.

Warriors, of dark renown,
Monks, with cross and shaven crown,
Sailors, dyed all tempest-brown,
Pirate, and Padre:

In life's frost, or in its bloom,
Decked with flashing steel and plume,
Heedless of an unknown doom,
Sought they El Dorado.

Over the weird Circean seas,
Past the haunted Bermoothes,
By the flecked Carribbees,—

Stormy Trindado:

Driven by the hurricane,
Beaten by the tropic rain,
Onward, swept the dauntless train,
Seeking El Dorado.

Past the equatorial line,—
Even the Sun was left behind!
Like one tranced in his mind,
Sped the armada:

Past the coral reef and isle,
By the headland's misty pile,
And the forest's river-aisle,
Sought they El Dorado.

Where vast Oceans lashed the sands
Of the yet untrodden strands,
Searching for the golden lands,
Chased they the Shadow:
Up the sluggish torrid streams,
In whose depths the diamond gleams,—
To lands wild as fever-dreams,
Sought they El Dorado.

Through dank fen and tangled brake,
Where the vampire dwelt, and snake;
While dark vultures on their wake
Flew, as a shadow:
With a still unconquered eye,
One by one they fell to die,—
And the others passed them by,
Seeking El Dorado.

On, for many a weary league;
On, through danger and fatigue;
Hope became a phantom vague,
All was as Shadow!
Gold was master, man was thrall;
So, a doom was on them all!
Each knight's mantle was his pall,
Seeking El Dorado.

Dead, upon the tropic sand;
Dead, where mighty forests stand;
Known no more of any land,
Save that of Shadow:

Their stark limbs the vultures tore;
Pray! that,—doomed to rove no more,—
Forever, on some unknown shore,
Found they El Dorado! *G. M. D.*

WILD LIFE IN THE 'SEVENTIES.

A STORY OF FLORIDA.

CHAPTER VI.

SINGULAR, BUT VERY SENSIBLE OFFERS—THE
DECISION OF PARIS.

ARCHER'S illness vanished in one day of Cynthia's treatment. It is only in the valley of the St. Johns, and places where the oolitic limestone crops out, that intermittents are found, and they yield readily. The solar ray seems to dissipate malaria, for the foul smell of decaying vegetation is never perceptible fifty feet above that level, or sixty feet above tide-water. Even flowers are scentless, except at very early hours, and the compost heap must be kept covered.

At this time Archer received several very important letters. One from Judith, full of that light, brilliant gossip in which her sex excels. There were vivid touches of society, descriptions of costumes, of the opera, of the opening of the season, not generalizing, as men do, but with light graphic touches of incident and anecdote that made the whole comedy present to the sense. She spoke of meeting his old professor, his interest in Archer, and of openings for his talent and usefulness. There was no persuasion; but in that *rapporte* of reciprocal feeling he knew Judith was urging him to return; perhaps had a right to expect it.

Then the professor's letter followed: expressing profound admiration for Philips' courage in his new enterprise, he questioned his right to throw away all his advantages of an expensive education in a work that a less qualified person could perform. He then suggested an opening in a professorship at Archer's old *alma mater*. As he closed the letter, that early experience of joyous student life, its roseate ambitions, its bright spirited associations with intellect, art, study—all that makes life sweet to the man of culture—came back to him. He took out Judith's picture; the dark ripples of hair over the low, broad brow; the limpid, wooing eyes, as dark, like clear dusk, or some still, brown pool under the willows; the short, proud upper lip, and delicate, fine nostril, and nose but slightly aquiline; the vivid brunette complexion, with its fluctuating shelly tints; the noble form marking her stately womanhood—a Diana of her sex. Position, a competence, and love, and for what?

He had the kernel of a home, it is true, and
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in a climate of unrivaled purity and beauty; but it would be years before it developed, and it lacked, might always lack, that one charm—congenial society. Could he ask his young wife, fresh from social triumphs, to give up those refinements, which ages of art and cultivation have perfected and made necessary, for the coarse associations of the Arnons and Joe Hawley? What would she see in Cynthia but material for a useful servant? crude, ignorant, but willing; and in the others but natures a little lifted above the brutes.

This conclusion might be unjust. It is the feminine intuition that finds the delicacy and reserve in the unconventional frontier; but he must not decide that for her. He knew she was ambitious for him; but it was not an ambition to plant a grove, or acquire wealth. She coveted intellectual distinction, that sharp discrimination brought about by attrition with cultivated minds.

He decided, however, to delay his judgment. He would refer the matter to her. He would explain that to leave now was to throw away all he had done. In another year or six months his farm and grove would be set. He could leave it with a tenant. As a winter home it would become most desirable, a coveted possession that money could not purchase. He explained this, again pleaded his passionate love, promising, if she would consent to endure six months of the new home, he would, if she wished, resume his position in the society she admired. To the professor he explained the necessity of his completing his work in order to assume his right, and hoped that delay would not interfere with his chance of getting a chair in the college. He was not satisfied, however. The proposals unsettled him, and made the fall work heavy.

But he was to undergo another embarrassment. He had seen little of Cynthia since his recovery, and he called to thank her. Cynthia would not be thanked. She took it as a matter of course. But Joe Hawkins was there, and, always proud to show Cynthia's accomplishments, he brought the powder-horn for Archer to admire the buck's head Cynthia had engraved upon it. The latter took it carelessly, not fancying crude work in art, but after a glance he carried it to the light. The reader, unfamiliar with the material, has seen similar art in

the carved work of shell and horn combs made in relief. In order to effect this the horn or shell is steeped in hot water, by which they become flexible and are softened. In this state, by the use of proper tools, the material is readily carved and shaped.

The difficulty in this instance was increased by the want of proper tools, experience in handling them, and art instruction. Not that the last was wanting, for, as among sailors a natural taste is cultivated in tattooing, so among hunters there is, or was before metal superseded horn, great taste in ornamenting their flasks and pouches with beads or etching.

Cynthy, tempted by the soft, plastic material, in her resolve to "make a spoon or spoil a horn," aimed to carve the buck's head in relief. The nature of the material lent itself to her design. She delicately shaped in relief the long head and sharp muzzle, the rounded ears, the large, lustrous eyes, the horns thrown back with a forward curve, and the tines pointing out. The translucent shell, where the horn was worked thin, aided in giving a firmness and delicacy to the outlines. Instead of a confused mass of curved lines as in etching, the figures stood out bravely from its clear, dark background with lively distinctness.

Archer Phillips was disposed to philosophize over the art-work of one who could barely read and knew nothing of convention, system, perspective. He did not call it high art; he simply recognized an unexpectedly accurate *simulacrum*. The taste was there and, in a manner, cultivation. He did not know that convention was a part, and a very important part, of art, because it becomes, as it were, a common symbol of interpretation. To catch the spirit of the object portrayed was to him enough; the limitation of art.

Cynthy apparently had as little feeling over it as ladies usually have over their embroidery, and only mentioned some compunctions over "pesterin' so long a scratchin' out o' the critter's head and horns."

"Puss air a genius," said old Jim, not a little proud of the girl. "The sly creetur just took up my boy Jim's fiddle, onbeknownst to him. Play us a chune, Cynthy. Let Mr. Phillips 'ear what yer kin do."

Thus adjured, Cynthy brought out an ordinary kit, such as can be found on the frontier, and Joe Hawkins produced two slender sticks, round as a quill, and beat an accompaniment on the strings as she played. It is the common practice, and excuses that provision of Florida

statute law which classes common pipers and fiddlers with vagrants.

In the meanwhile something serious was going on over at this neighbor's. A crowd of retainers hung about the place, and well-dressed visitors called. Cynthy was evidently under some strong discipline, and at the same time her dress was much improved.

She persevered in bringing up the cows, but Archer noticed that she was watched over by some of the body. He thought he had discovered the cause, as she stood in his door one day plaiting her apron, as she said,

"Mr. Phillips, mammy says I ort to git marrid."

"Indeed!" said he. "Well, you must please yourself," smiling at her simplicity.

"I don't see no sense in hit," said Cynthy. "Min's allays in the way in the house. They ort to be kep' out doors, like cows."

"And have Cynthy drive them up at night," laughed Archer. "Some would like that."

Cynthy laughed, too; a gurgling, hoydenish laugh, full of fun. "I 'low I'd bust Joe Hawkins' head open with a pine-knot ef he dodged the gap."

"So Joe is the man," said Archer.

"He's one of 'em," said Cynthy; and then, indignantly, "there's a whole bunch of 'em."

"Well, you can't marry them all," said he, with a smile.

"I 'low I couldn't," said Cynthy. "Think o' herdin' a bunch of 'em night and mornin'. I 'low one's pester enough."

"And is it Joe?" asked Archer.

"Pap isn't for Joe; and mammy's for Cousin John, lives down on Stump Creek. Mam 'lows he's a forehanded man, and knows stock."

"It is who *you* are for, Cynthy," said he.

"How can I tell? There's such a mess of 'em," said she, roused again. "They comes a teeterin' about our house most every day. I 'lowed for to come over here Sunday, to ax about that there book you lent me, an' in comes a passel, tailin' like cows; an' mam says, says she, 'tain't manners for me to leave. I wish men'd learn to cook for themselves."

"Well, you have only to choose one," said Archer. "You would be rid of the rest."

"But I couldn't never get shet of him, could I?" asked Cynthia. "He'd be a hangin' about all day, forever 'n' ever."

"Very likely," said Archer, amused at her frankness.

"An' ther'd be a lot o' calves—children I mean, bime by. I don't like 'em, 'ceptin Bud."

Archer laughed outright. There was a frank audacity about her that upset all conventionalism. She laughed too. Her bright looks, tossing curls, made her look piquant and pretty, as she repeated, "No, I don't; but mammy, she says I orter to make up my mind, and not keep 'em all foolin' around, a eatin' up grub in our house 'long o' me."

"Never mind your mother about that," said he; "choose when you please."

"I 'low I got to take one on 'em?" she said, meditatively.

"Oh! there's no hurry, Cynthy," said he; "take your time."

"Well, ef it are got to be done, I'd as well get shet of it," said Cynthy, calmly. "I tell ye what I were a thinkin'."

"Well?" said he.

"Your place jines our'n; your cattle bunches with our'n. It 'ud be just as easy herdin' and milkin' 'em in a bunch," said Cynthy, with an air of calculation.

"Oh! there is no need for that," said he.

"And the cookin', and sweepin', and washin' chores 'ud come easy."

"What is she driving at?" thought he.

"So, I 'lowed, ef I must, Mr. Philips, ef you didn't have no objections, I'd marry you. What'd you say?"

Was there ever such a combination of frankness and simplicity? She made no more of it than an offer to sell a cow instead of herself. He paused, and taking her own tone, said, "I don't think it would do;" then, with a laugh, "We are too close; you couldn't get 'shet' of me, either."

"I thought o' that," said she, gleefully; "I could run over to pap. I think it would do first-rate. I like you best. It wouldn't be nigh so bad as cousin, or even Joe."

"Never mind, Cynthy," said he; "don't marry any one; promise me that, until you really wish to do so yourself, and not because your mother thinks so. You are too young to know, and, in the free, wild life you live you have never been corrupted; that is, never been taught by idle companions to think about love and marriage. We will say nothing about this, but be just as we have been—good friends."

Something in this, unexpressed, hinted to her feminine instincts the all untaught violation of the sexes, for she blushed and rose hastily; but her native frankness came to her aid. She gave him her hand at parting, and said, "I do like you, and I ain't a bit ashamed of what I done said. I 'low it 'ud be a good trade for

my side, and I'd do my level best to make hit best for your'n. There's heaps o' ways I could help you; 'long o' knowin' all about this yer sile and stockin', and you seem to want somebody or 'nother, for to watch over ye, an' keer for the place when necessity totes you off."

"Cynthy," said he, his better nature quickened by her generosity, "I thank you with all my heart. You don't know how noble and generous your offer has been; but I, who know how unselfish you are, do know and thank you."

CHAPTER VII.

CIVIL WAR—FEUDAL LAW AGAINST COMMON LAW IN THE COW RANGE—THE TROUBLE OVER OLD JIM ARNON'S YEARLIN'S.

When Archer Philips reflected on the interview he realized the direct influence that had actuated Cynthy as the same that had brought her to his bed-side. There was no vanity in it. If, as her parents had said, it was her duty to marry, then this stranger needed help more than the rough, robust men she knew. He had less advantage in his isolation than the others. In return, he thought of several plans of recognizing her generosity. He would teach her. Judith should be her friend. The natural taste and quick intelligence should have opportunity.

But the plans were not destined to be carried out. Unconsciously, Archer lived in a scattered community in a state of civil war. The adherents of Cynthy's father took up his quarrel with the law, represented in the sheriff officers. Remote from the county-seat, on the old Indian trail from Tampa to Cape Canaveral, his residence fronted the lake a few yards distance instead of facing the road. This cut him off from the usual gossip. It is odd to see the ox-team at stand for hours, while a neighbor, his foot on the tongue, discussed with the driver the news of the country side by the hour.

A few days later, as he walked over his grove, the leafage showing that it would be ripe for budding by the rainy season of June, the quiet, rural peace of the scene seemed to come upon him with a sense of comfort. However warm the noon has been it is very rare in Florida that the evenings are not cool. This one was exceedingly tranquil, and the pastoral character of the landscape lay spread out before him like a picture under glass. Its rustic homeliness was increased by an ox-team that had stopped in the big road by the gate. As he leaned across some one beckoned, and going

out he found Dame Arnon, seated on her bundles, with Bud in front.

The dame announced that she was going to visit her family in Polk County, and, as the boys were driving a bunch through, it was a good time for her to go.

While she spoke, the sweet, bugle-like call of the cowboys was heard. There was a flash of hoofs and horns, crack of whips, and the caryard went thundering by. The men, however, halted to get the last orders from old Mr. Arnon.

"It are yit a hour by sun," said he, "and you'll have the moon all through. You can make Shingle Creek, ten mile, agin midnight. You'll find the camp sot, an' boys a-waitin'; ther' ain't nothin for you to do but rest up the stock a bit, feed and water, seein' none don't stray. If hit do, don't wait. Be in the saddle agin three o'clock, leavin' the settlement a mile to the right; and mark! no yellin' an' arousin' the dogs. You'll make Horse Crik agin noon. You'll find the camp sot. After restin' a bit, go on easy to Arietta—it ar' a lonesome place, off'n the main trail—and hold up. Ef you git no word, make straight for Parker by the old Tumpa trail; but lay off to see if the schooner are in and ready. Ef she ain't, don't wait; but strike the trail for Peale Creek and Myers. At Punta Rasa ye may find a schooner; but scatter the critters on the range rather'n—" and the rest was in a low, emphatic undertone.

The cowboys, rough, bold riders, in flannel shirts—holster-pistols, tin cup, pan, and a sack of grits and coffee at the saddle-bow—had stood about checking their restive horses as he spoke. Then they swept out after the stock, parting and galloping through the woods over roots, stumps, and fallen trunks. The ox-team rolled on; and the stillness let the mellow wood's sounds renew their Æolian breathings.

"You seem to be moving your stock," said Archer.

"Well, the range are pretty much fed down," said old Arnon, "and the family's a-breakin' up, gwine here and there; and I 'lowed they'd better hunt grass."

"Family left?" asked Archer.

"All but Cynthy. She'll go, soon's we done got supper over to neighbor Woodson's. She'll leave thar for her Uncle Bob's, at Jacksonville, by day."

"Nothing wrong, I hope," Archer ventured to say.

"I 'low not," said the old man. "I 'low no sheriff ain't a comin' liftin' my stock, 'lowin'

what's mine's his'n, and what's his'n's his own. That may be law; but it ain't range law."

It was evident old Mr. Arnon was running off his stock to avoid an attachment. But the thought of parting with Cynthy was not pleasant to the young man. He saw that she had cheered and encouraged him, even when he thought humbly of her as a rude, unlettered wench. He thought he ought to call and bid her good-bye.

As he knocked at the closed door, an unusual circumstance, there was a stir within, and he recognized Cynthy's whisper.

Presently she opened the door and stood in the opening, the night wind blowing her loose hair about her pale face—paler in the light of the moon. Back of her, revealed by a dull fire, was old Jim with a cocked rifle in his hand. This vigilance warned Archer that his visit was inopportune.

"Your father told me you were going away," said he. "I called to tell you good-bye."

"Did you see nobody?" she asked, in an eager whisper.

"Not a soul," said he.

"I 'lowed I hearn horse'n on the big road," she said. "Say!"

"I think not; the night is very still."

It was, indeed. The rhythmic, low, hoarse roll of the lake surf and the wind in the pines came loud and distinct. Any alien sound would be plainly audible.

"I want pap to go 'long o' me," she said, presently.

"You will be safer at my house," suggested Archer.

"I'm all right, long as the cabin ain't lit up," said old Arnon. "I want Cynthy to go over to neighbor Woodson's."

"Come," said Archer, eagerly, "I'll go with you. May I?"

"I can't go less'n pap goes," said the girl quietly, but decidedly.

Archer was profoundly agitated. The great darkness and stillness of the shadow, deepened by the ghostly brilliance of the moon; the hollow monotone of the wood and water; the strange mystery of some unknown peril, immediate, yet lurking, awed and oppressed him. He fancied every moment he saw glimpses of dark figures in the wood. It was so unreal, so strange. Why did the man resist arrest. He did not know that a bitter feud lay back of the law, savage, relentless, revengeful.

"You'd better go," said Cynthy; "you can do no good."

"I must not leave you," said he. "Come, Mr. Arnon, do you go with your daughter?"

"Don't stand agin the light, Cynthy," said the old man, lighting his stub pipe by a coal, and giving a few puffs before putting it down. "Lay low, an' I'll go scout around a bit."

He disappeared, and was gone half an hour, yet he returned so quietly he was by them before they heard him.

"Come, Cynthy," he said, "the road's clear. I may pass your place agin day," he said to Archer. "Ef ye hear any noise in the night, I 'low to hear tell."

With that they melted into the shadows and were gone. It was long before he saw the bright Cracker girl again, and learned details of that night's awful consequences.

The days went slowly by, filled with daily duties. Joe Hawkins had disappeared, and, having no neighbors nearer than the far side of the lake, Archer had few opportunities to learn local news. In the general affairs of the county he had taken little part. The task he had set for himself did not include any idle associations. But his boat was a piece of prudent economy. The fish taken are bream, two kinds of bass, pickerel, channel-cat, warmouth-perch, and turtle. The bait is a grub or wood-worm, found under the bark of felled pines in its first period of decay. With this, perch, silver-side, red-horse minnows from two to eight inches long, are taken and used for larger game. Trolling is also successfully practiced, and is a delightful sport. The game fish haunt the grassy borders in which gregarious small fry feed; the trout, *Gryster salmoides*, are found a yard under the water; the bream deeper. The troll is either a spoon, or a fluked spindle flattened and curved so as to spin as it moves. The bob is also used, and the gig, for night fishing, with a torch and spear.

It was a charming afternoon, mild and bright, when Archer put aside his work to try his new boat and spinner. The sun was passed meridian, and a sweet south wind was blowing over the water. The intermingling lights, the dusk velvet shadows contrasted with the bright hues of the tops of the oaks in the island hamacks, the fragrance of the air, sweet with the amber perfume of pine and orange, added to the delights of the sport. He had good luck using the spinner, so as to enjoy at once exercise and the sport. He had followed the irregular meanderings of the leafy shore for several miles, until a turn brought him in

view of a cabin nestled in oranges, with a background of green cane just beginning to draw its delicate enameling across the ground. A party stood on the shelving bank on horse and foot who hailed him. He rounded up to the sandy spit to answer their questions. After inquiring about his luck, and seeing the glittering spoil on his boat, one asked:

"Have you heard the news?"

"News! what news?" inquired Archer, thinking of the disappearance of his neighbors.

"Not heard of the murder of the sheriff?"

"No!" he exclaimed; "what is it?"

"We will go with you," said one. "It is a short story and a bad one."

Several entered the boat, and while the others rowed off the story was told.

On a beautiful Sabbath morning, not a week before, the sheriff, riding with his son, was shot from ambush.

"By whom?"

No one knew certainly; all knew the cause.

As Archer thought over Joe Hawkins' story, and old man Arnon's threats, he tried to remember if Arnon had been at home that day—the day of Cynthy's story. One of the party had taken the oars, and they were stretching across the open water toward Philips' cabin. As they reached farther out the buzzards were seen circling over some object in the water. A suggestion whether it was a dead cow or hog created some discussion, for the object was low in the water, and barely visible. The steersman guided the boat nearer, so that the size and shape of the object might be seen.

"Not a cow," said one, shading his eyes; "too small."

"A—no," said another; "not a hog."

"My God!" exclaimed Archer, "it's a man!"

Another, standing up to see the features lying low, face up, and washed over by the ripple, hesitated until the boat was just over the drowned man. Then with an oath he exclaimed,

"It is old Jim Arnon!"

Attempting to draw the body into the boat, they found it shackled and weighted. But making it fast they drew the corpse to the beach and on the sand. It was not disfigured. The body, it is true, was distended, but the face was composed. The hands were bound and hand-cuffed by an iron chain to one foot, drawn up, to which a plow-share and bars of iron of one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty pounds weight was fixed. The avengers had done sure work.

Those who had taken up the body were a party of Virginians that had recently camped opposite Archer Philips' clearing. They acted promptly. The coroner was notified, a guard was set, and a messenger dispatched to arouse the people.

Returning home, Archer was surprised to see a light in his own darkened cabin. Had Cynthy fled to him for shelter? was his first thought, but entering he found no one but Joe Hawkins. Joe had made a fire, put on coffee, and prepared a coarse meal of corn-bread and bacon.

"I 'lows ye done hearn," said Joe, taking out his pipe. "H—ll's broke loose."

"Yes," said Archer. "I was with them that found Mr. Arnon's body."

"Old Jim's!" said Joe, starting up; "I 'lowed the old fool had escaped. I tole the family that to git 'em quiet."

"It is just as well," said Archer. "Tell me about it."

"Well, you done heered 'long o' somebody's bushwhackin' the sheriff," said Joe.

"Yes, I know that," said Archer.

"Well, they s'picioned ole Jim and a lot o' his gang, an' they went for to 'rest 'em. But there ain't no jail. One o' that bunch had done burnt hit. He'd better o' let hit stand. They got ole Jim's Cousin John down on Shingle. John 'lowed he hadn't nothin' to do 'long o' the sheriff, but he'd go with 'em. He done lit his pipe and started. 'John, y' ain't got no coat,' says his mammy. 'I 'low he won't need no coat,' says one on 'em. And he didn't. They toled him up the road a bit and shot him in his tracks. One on 'em went back and 'lowed to the fambly John were up the road; they'd better go fetch him; but he 'lowed he'd wait ef they didn't. They found him, his pipe a-layin' by his head, jis' as he fell. They jist cleaned 'em all out same way, 'cep' ole Jim, as you say. They drowned him."

"What is to become of his family?" asked Archer.

"They'll git on," said Joe. "They belongs to good people. Ole Jim were the heredick of the fambly. He didn't own no law nor nothin'. He'd cut to his own line no matter where the chips flowed, and he are done hit this time, for sure."

But the extermination of a family was not left to go unquestioned. The morning, raw and disagreeable, with wild gray spits of rain in the air, rose over the guards and the victim. A few hours later and the coroner's jury made

the inquest. The late sheriff's friends were there, armed to the teeth. But a verdict was found, and the next week the grand jury brought in a true bill. How did it end? Why ask?

But conceive of the effect on this primitive society. No doubt it was healthful, regenerating. Shocking as the incidents in themselves were, they were a part of the legitimate social growth. Every age and country passes through that wild period which the Greek drama has fixed in the imagination. The herdsman, impinging on the nomads living by hunting, is himself brought in contact with fixed social laws by the advent of the planter, and these in turn have their simple methods infringed upon by the introduction of new arts. It is the merchant that penetrated into Germany and reported to Tacitus the social condition of our lawless progenitors.

The urban population, dwelling under fixed laws and customs, forget the origin of these penalties affixed to their violation. The jury, an arbitrary selection from society to represent the whole body, is regarded as a divine creation, or rather as a talisman, like the test of blood. That the whole social order may take upon itself the functions of this fraction of it seems a violation of something sacred. Yet lynch law is only the jury law at its fountain-head.

The effect of this outbreak was in effect purifying. The vigilance committee that had summarily avenged the sheriff were brought to trial. If it were found impossible to convict, from a want of legal facts in the knowledge of the whole community, the fact of their arrest and subjection to legal process vindicated the social order, while it measurably justified them by showing the impotence of formal methods in dealing summarily with crime.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END—YOU CAN NOT EAT YOUR CAKE AND HAVE IT.

A week after this Archer was sitting at his cabin door looking across to the path by which the cows came up. But they were all scattered and on the range. The slim, familiar figure, with its ragged sun-bonnet and wild, musical voice, had gone out of his life.

Poor Cynthy! thought Archer. What is to become of her? The use she had made of her scanty opportunities of improvement, her neigh-

borly kindness, that last interview, all appealed to him strongly. He wondered what had become of her, and, as he thought, he saw the inevitable result. She must depend on some one like Joe Hawkins. Her life, limited to his environment, would cease to develop. As the first leaves of the weed are refined, delicate, the later growth becoming coarse, so her finer instincts would become degraded from association.

While reflecting he saw a strong, heavily-built man coming down the road in front of his gate. He stopped, and raising the latch entered.

"Mr. Philips, I believe?"

Archer responded. The man wore black broadcloth of an old fashion; his hands were large and strong; his black hair stood up like bristles about a strong, beardless face.

"I am Robert Arnon," said he.

"A relation?" began Archer.

"A brother," said the other. "James was a wild lad," he continued. "He enlisted in the Indian war, married a native of Florida—the daughter of a common herdsman—and rarely visited us. But I wished to know something about the terrible story of his brutal murder."

After Archer had told what little he knew, he ventured to inquire for the family.

"Mrs. Arnon has returned to her relations in Manatee," said the man. "I have persuaded her to let me have Cynthia and her brother, the child being unwilling to part with him. My wife and I will do something for her."

"I am glad to hear it," said Archer, much relieved; "Cynthia is a bright, good girl. I believe she will do credit to your kindness."

"No doubt, no doubt," said the man. "You found her (ahem) unrefined—coarse—I may say. I blamed Jim. For himself it was all well enough, but he owed something to his family."

It grated on Archer to hear his little friend's simplicity characterized in this way by this apostle of gentility; but he dismissed the thought, and they parted.

It relieved him to know that the girl was in a good home; but his own interests now absorbed his attention.

Letters from his friends urged him to accept the position tendered him, and love and interest urged him to it. Joe Hawkins was placed in charge of the grove and garden, and with lingering steps Archer Philips turned his back on that year of generous, manly work. He had no thought of abandoning it, but his duties as teacher were too engrossing for many months.

He and Judith Holt were married. A large circle of friends crowded about them and made a society at once valuable and pleasant. He heard from time to time from Joe Hawkins; but was familiar enough with Joe's ideas to make large allowances.

At last the vacation came, and after six months' absence he and his wife started to Florida. She had heard a great deal of the brave little Cracker girl who had helped her husband, and felt grateful and patronizing.

To Archer Cynthia was the crude, undeveloped nature, and was so represented to his wife. They thought of her as a poor, friendless dependent whose burthen they could lighten. Surely she has talent, even genius, Archer thought, but one must overlook her uncouth speech and habits for the sake of her goodness and truth.

Judith was eager to promote his plans. She wrote Cynthia a true womanly letter, begging her to visit them at the log-cabin as a sister. Archer directed to her uncle at Jacksonville, urging his wife's request.

The day of their arrival in that city a portly rather pompous gentleman called, and Archer at once recognized Cynthia's uncle. He apologized; Cynthia would be in presently. "She had been detained by some artist friends," he said with pride, "who had examined some of her modeling, and desired to arrange about her entering an art school."

"I should be pleased if my little friend finds so congenial a profession," said Archer, a little taken aback.

While they spoke a young lady in elegant mourning habit, slender and graceful, entered the large drawing-room and, glancing about, approached them. As she drew near she put back her veil and held out her small gloved hand.

"Mr. Philips, have you forgotten your first pupil?"

Archer was instantly confused; but the arch smile, the clear dark eyes!

"Why, Cynthia," he exclaimed, "is it you?"

"And you forgot? Pardon me, is this—"

"My wife," said he quickly. "Judith, this is my dear friend, Miss Cynthia Arnon."

"I am so glad," said Cynthia, in her old, hearty way. "I allowed Mr. Philips would hardly recognize me. One changes so—in the city."

Yes, she was the same—the accent, the little mannerisms of gesture the same—but the social polish and schooling had made them into elegancies of speech and fashion. Her simple

sincerity, too, never doubting, her trust gave her an aplomb not taught in the schools.

"Why, Archie," said his wife, later; "you did not tell me your friend was a beauty. She has style and self-possession. And how well she talks."

"Well, Judith, you must remember when I saw her she was—ah—a hobble-de-hoy, neither girl nor woman. You see the grub has shed its cocoon. But I always said she was smart and bright—and sometimes pretty."

"Oh! you are a man," said Judith, with a pout. "It is well I believe you, for—" and she looked the rest.

"I do believe you are jealous," said he. "Why, Judith!"

"Why, Judith!"—mimicking. "I do believe you are a goose. Don't you see that she is the very *type* of Southern beauty society *raves* over. She has talent, *style*; and her uncle, in his pompous way, says Cynthia is *independent*. She would not *look* at a poor college professor, even if he *was* free."

"I suppose not," said he, meekly. "And I needn't feel I made such a mistake by going back to Kentucky after you." At which cunning impudence she administered a box on the ear, and told him to go dress, as their friend was coming to dinner.

Cynthia, at her uncle's suggestion of business requiring her presence in South Florida, was easily induced to join them, and the stiffness of novelty soon wore off. She had a method, born of her wild, free life, of coiling in graceful postures on sofas as she talked of the old times in the old, quaint dialect.

But one day she said to them: "You know the night we parted, Mr. Philips? We reached Woodson's. Those men were there. They had come by for Joe Hawkins. They took papa, and made the smith weld irons on him. Well, I could not go home. I followed them. One night they had him under guard. Joe Hawkins, one of the guards, was sent over with the deputy's wife to the house where I was to stay all night. When I knew papa was alone with just those bad men, I was uneasy, for I had heard of the sheriff's death, and, though I knew papa had nothing to do with that, I was afraid. I slipped on a man's over-coat and went over to watch. It was a wild, March night, and I took Joe. When we got there they were bringing him out of the house. I kept back, but sent Joe to find out. He returned and said they had heard papa's friends had got back from Tampa, and would try to help

him. That, as some of the guards had gone, they thought he had better be hidden where his friends could not find him. All that was likely. I did not think of any danger to him for it seemed just as easy to kill him there if at all. They put him on a horse, and one rode at each side; and I followed on foot. They had to go slow. The wind was blowing and the clouds driving fast. Presently I heard the waves, and we came to the lake all in a foam. They put him, shackled, in the boat, and I was going to rush forward, but Joe stopped me. He whispered he knew what it meant. There was an old cotton-house on an island, built of heavy, square logs, with great, solid doors like a bank. Joe said there they would keep him safe. None of his friends would know. I stood and watched, for the moon was high. But sometimes a cloud crossed it, and I would lose sight of the boat and then find it again. After losing it and finding it that way once or twice, at last I lost it altogether. I waited and listened for the sound of the oars, or the boat grate on the sand. But the night was stormy, as I said, the waves made a great noise, and it was two miles off. Then we went away. I never dreamed of the horrible thing they had done. How could I? It was so cruel, so useless! But I never saw him again. I could not testify, for I knew none of the men, and Joe was afraid. It was as much as his life was worth. God knows, and they, why they took the trouble to carry him so far. It was easier, safer, to kill him at once, and hide the body; for the water, as you know, refused to keep the dreadful secret."

But when they reached the clearing, endeared to Archer Philips by so much patient self-denial and courage, he was shocked and distressed. The roses were there, but grown wild; the hedge was a dense thicket like it had been; all the smaller fruits had died out for lack of proper care, and the nursery was in a bad state. As for the fences, great gaps had been burned by the annual woods fires. The kitchen-garden was a mass of weeds. Nothing had been kept but the potato-patch, because Joe was a Cracker and lived on them. It is true the care, or want of it, had cost very little. Joe was not dishonest, only ignorant and shiftless.

Cynthia's place was in better order. She had taken care of that—to have her grove cow-penned, and the nursery worked and cleaned of weeds.

Judith was not at all pleased with the place, and began then and there to urge him to sell.

Archer resisted, because it was significant to him of an epoch in life. He wanted it kept for his children's children. But the next year prices for young groves rose so high Archer was offered \$5,000 for the place, and Judith made him take it, "because it would buy them a nice house in town and save rent."

But the next year the budded trees began to bear, and a part sold for \$10,000. Now, \$50,000 would not buy it.

As for Archer, he gets on very well. But he has a house full of children, and he is often anxious for their future. At such times he thinks of the Cracker girl, and wonders if it

was a mistake. He hears of her associated with art and society; but the pleasantest picture in his mind is the old ragged sun-bonnet, the limp cottonade gown, of the bare-footed girl driving up the cows.

But Judith is sure that all success is due to her, and she saved her husband from sinking into a mere clod by rescuing him from the coarse, manual labor of farm-life; and she tells Cynthia she knows they would have starved, for it is the hardest thing to get Archer to do any work about the house. So it is left to the reader, **WAS IT A MISTAKE?**

Will Wallace Harney.

A PRIVATE AT STONE RIVER.

IT was on a bright, moonlight midnight, about the middle of December, 1862, that the writer, leaving the cars at Murfreesboro, Tenn., inquired of a man in soldier dress where he could find Maney's brigade, of Cheatham's division. "I can't tell you exactly," he replied; "but I can put you close on to the track of it. If you are ready to go, come on, and we will walk the mile or so; that's on my road, and you won't have to hunt much after I leave you until you find it."

After a walk of perhaps a "mile or so," my companion said: "Your regiment is somewhere over yonder, but you'll have to make inquiries as you go along, because I can give you no better direction."

It was a frosty night; nor was it the writer's first experience in hunting his regiment at midnight. It has occurred to him that the intuitive sagacity which directed a single soldier to his proper command, even in the darkest of nights, was little else than supernatural. Just eighteen, he had seen service for some fifteen months before, and was only too proud, after an absence of some five months, which the Confederate conscript law allowed him, to reenlist for the war, in the same command, and with the same messmates who had been his never-failing friends.

On that lonely midnight walk he passed many camps, but not one of them gave token where he could find a welcome for the night. It was near to Stone River, to the right of the

Nashville turnpike (looking north) that he found a camp of men, with here and there bright fires still burning, when the impulse seized him, for the first time after he left his unknown guide, to turn to the right. He asked a man, seated by a blazing fire reading a Northern newspaper and smoking a newly-lit pipe, where he could find the First Tennessee infantry. The party addressed, with a kind of astonishment on his face, gave no answer to the question, but jumping up, grasped him by the hand, and leading him to the tent near by, woke up all the "boys" therein with, "Here's Sam." Almost all of those who were sleeping in that tent, as well as the one at the fireside, are now sleeping beneath the sod on the battle-fields of Tennessee and Georgia. About a week after this—a grand review of the army having taken place before President Davis—we were ordered one morning at reveille to prepare for inspection of arms, and to be in readiness to leave camp by 8 A. M. The bugle-call which sounded at that hour was the usual "assembly," the men falling in with good-natured witticisms. But a marked change had taken place in the formation of the regiment. The frightful loss of the First Tennessee infantry at Perryville, and the inability of the Nashville companies to recruit (six out of eleven being from that city), led to the consolidation of the Rock City Guard battalion of three companies into one, while the German Yagers and Railroad Boys were

formed into another. Meanwhile the Twenty-seventh Tennessee infantry, badly hurt at both Shiloh and Perryville, had been merged into three companies, and were consolidated with the First, under Colonel Hume R. Field.

Captain W. D. Kelly commanded the consolidated Rock City Guard battalion, an officer of the most imperturbable coolness, a rigid disciplinarian, and a man of unflinching courage. As the new organization took its position in line preparatory to marching, the writer thought that for general robust health, fine physical development, and superabundant good nature, evidenced by its universal cheerfulness, he had never seen a finer body of men in his life. A short but rapid march of some ten or twelve miles brought us to the neighborhood of La Vergne, Tennessee, where a brigade of infantry, supporting Wheeler's cavalry, had performed its special duty, and was now relieved by Maney's brigade. The retiring infantry was drawn up in line as we approached—the field-officers of each command exchanging salutations—and, as the rear of our column filed past, took up its march to the camp near Murfreesboro. The position we occupied seemed to us a novel one. It was, as we thought, a mere support to our cavalry against the Federal cavalry. Good-humored jokes about “butter-milk brigades” were studiously and unremittingly told. They were not, indeed, believed, but still with all deference to the cavalry the idea among the infantry was almost general, that no number of cavalry, as such, could successfully cope with any approximate number of infantry of equal courage. I firmly believe that, at the time of which I write, if the entire cavalry force of the Union army had presented itself before Maney's single brigade of infantry, the former would have been met by as undaunted a front as if defeat were impossible. When, therefore, some three or four days later, orders were issued for no one to leave camp, and for every one to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice, they gave no more concern than an order not to eat too much. We learned on this same trip that our infantry ideas were a little “too previous,” and we gathered a respect for the services of these cavalymen which never deserted us.

The orders to remain in camp were speedily followed by others, to pack up all baggage and get ready to move at once. The casual shots from mountain artillery grew more frequent, and we began to think decidedly nearer. The bugle sounding a “general,” the entire

brigade rapidly formed and passed to the front in quick time. We had not far to go. Perhaps half a mile brought us to a halt. The brigade was formed in line on each side of the road. The Rock City Guards, from the left wing of the First Tennessee infantry, were deployed to its left as skirmishers. The main body was cutting down bushes, breaking off limbs of trees, and tearing down fences which obstructed the view. The writer was well near to the extreme left of our skirmish line. His post fell in an open field, with a dense cedar brake about fifty yards in front. The popping of the carbines from the cavalry had become almost general over a front of perhaps a mile, when a sharp and rapid exchange of volleys, followed by a retiring company of cavalry, who formed immediately to our left, gave notice that the infantry skirmishers might have a chance to check the Federal cavalry. Meantime, it had commenced a slow, cold rain. The skirmishers, with guns cocked, fully understood that the next human forms who presented themselves would be enemies, and that no order would be necessary to commence firing. A shell passing between the writer and his next left comrade taught him that even infantry might be killed by cavalry or mountain artillery, and it was only a moment later when he heard his captain speaking to each man just loud enough to be heard, “Fall back slowly and keep under cover.”

And so the beautiful morning changed into the gloomy afternoon, the skirmish line retiring just fast enough to develop the enemy's intentions, which had now become so plain as to indicate a general advance, and no determined effort was made to check it. It was well on toward the winter night that the skirmishers who had all day long been slowly stepping back through rain, and sleet, and mud, were called in to pass the bridge over Stewart's Creek—the Confederate artillery slowly firing down the long straight turnpike at the advancing foe. Muddy and uncomfortable, with nothing dry about us but our cartridges, we hailed as a great relief the rapid march toward Murfreesboro, and gladly left to those derided cavalymen the necessary picket duty for the night. We camped, far in advance of the Confederate infantry, however, ready to aid in any defense which might be necessary. As we dried our blankets to secure a little sleep that night, the same messmate who had welcomed my return to the army, said, in a kind of apologetic way, “I'll never laugh at cavalymen

about losing their hats in action, since I saw that company dashing through those close cedars. How they kept their seats is a mystery."

After a little sleep we were again in line. The business of the second day promised to be done under clearer skies. Stewart's Creek, however, with its precipitous banks and few fords and bridges, presented—especially after the rain—a fine place for retarding the Federal advance. The cavalry used this to the best advantage, and Maney's supporting brigade of infantry was withdrawn to the neighborhood of Murfreesboro. Meantime the Federals continued to advance.

The evening of the 29th December found us about a mile and a half to the left of the Nashville turnpike, on the left bank of Stone River. Wither's division of Polk's corps was in our front. McCown's and Cleburne's divisions of Hardee's corps through this and the following day filed to our left over a road at some little distance, but still plainly distinguishable as to their organizations by their well-known battle-flags.

The night before the battle an incident took place such as history seldom records. The opposing lines of battle were very fully developed, and were so near to each other as to be within easy bugle-call. Both armies spoke the same tongue, were animated principally by the same national airs, were commanded in great measure by graduates from the same academy, and were influenced by no other motive but unquestioned sense of patriotism. Just before "tattoo" the military bands on each side began their evening music. The still winter night carried their strains to a great distance. At every pause on our side, far away could be heard the military bands of the other. Finally one of them struck up "Home, Sweet Home." As if by common consent, all other airs ceased, and the bands of both armies, far as the ear could reach, joined in the refrain. Who knows how many hearts were bold next day by reason of that air?

The bugles for reveille on the morning of the 31st sounded before it was quite light. Scarcely ten minutes seemed to elapse before the rattle of musketry, far to our left, betokened the fact that a battle had begun. Cheatham's division in the second line instantly fell into place, the men throwing their knapsacks into piles, with involuntary remarks, such as "You know what that means." The sound became more general from left to right, indicating that

the attack (whether by us or the enemy, we privates did not know) was immediately in our front. As the bugles sounded "forward," the magnificent brigades of Donelson, Maney, A. P. Stewart, and Preston Smith, which constituted Cheatham's division, stepped forward in quick time and perfect order to take their share in the conflict.

The First Tennessee infantry, the extreme right of Maney's brigade, soon found itself on the spot occupied by our front line the night before. To our left, perhaps at the distance of some eight hundred yards, a Federal brigade occupied an advantageous position on the wooded hill, with the wide stretch of open field in their front and left. A Confederate battery, between the gaps of Maney's and the brigade to its right, promptly unlimbered, and, directing a number of shells and solid shot with accurate marksmanship, left some of the enemy dead or wounded at each discharge. Nor were we free from such compliments, although the enemy's fire was much too high. It was while watching the effect of the Confederate shells upon the enemy to our left, and having but little solicitude as to those directed toward us, that the writer, feeling a sharp twinge to the fingers of his right hand, looked down to discover that a bullet had shattered his gunstock taking off half of it between the two lower bands. In a short time the isolated Federal brigade to our left withdrew in double-quick from its position, by the left flank to the rear, the Confederate artillery dropping some at almost every step. Simultaneously therewith, the order was given to the Confederates to move forward, followed by the command to right-wheel by regiments, closing closely to the right. The course of the First Tennessee took us through an old cotton field, passing over the shattered remnants of a Confederate regiment that had been in the original front. Soon we were quite at right angles to the position we had occupied at daylight, and found ourselves with the left four companies in a brick-yard, separated from the others by a pond perhaps thirty yards in width. Immediately in our front was the Manson turnpike, well fenced on each side with high rail fences. I was deliberating upon the disadvantage of climbing them under fire, when, within less than two hundred yards of us, sharply diagonal to our right, came a volley of grape, canister, and shell, from a battery perfectly masked in a natural cedar brake. The men in the left wing instantly laid down in the brick-yard, and any person who has ever seen one on a

winter day can imagine the shelter it afforded. The fire with some musketry was simply furious. The position we occupied was one of the most perplexing and unfortunate in which it is possible to conceive a line to be placed. Subjected to a tremendous fire at exceedingly close range, the direction from which it came impressed the minds of the men with the belief that it was our own friends who did the shooting. Nor were the privates alone in this idea. Lieutenant James, then serving as staff-officer, formerly of our regiment—born in the neighborhood and familiar with the ground—was so thoroughly convinced that this was the case that he lost his life in a gallant attempt to stop it by riding up to the battery. Captain Thomas H. Malone, the Assistant Adjutant-General to our brigade, was, at his own request, sent around our right to make a report. With his accustomed thoroughness he reached a point within some thirty yards of the battery, and ascertained the number of pieces, their position, and the fact that it was the enemy. His horse was wounded, and his clothes received several bullets, but he escaped unhurt. It was not until after his return, when a considerable time had elapsed—Turner's splendid battery, armed with Napoleon guns, captured at Perryville, Kentucky, by the First Tennessee, having opened in our rear, and Colonel Field's clear, ringing command having been given to "Fire on that battery, anyhow"—that the regiment began an irregular reply. Meantime, Turner, with his four guns was giving the Federal battery about as much as it could attend to, his first shell exploding one of their caissons.

The enemy, intent on repelling the advance of Maney's brigade, which threatened their rear, concentrated their fire upon its nearest regiment. In doing so, they permitted their own immediate left to become too weakly guarded. The brigade to our right made a vigorous assault. The necessity of meeting these new-comers caused the Federals to withdraw their fire in great measure from us. Promptly at the first lull, the riddle was solved to every one, as to whether it came from friend or foe, by the intrepid command of our colonel shouting, "Forward, First Tennessee infantry!" Every man, with gun loaded and cocked, cartridge-box open, and at the front, instantly sprang forward. The fences which had disturbed the writer's imagination were no longer there. That furious cannonade had left no rail upon another. As we crossed the pike into

the open field beyond, the Federal battery which had been so sorely pressing us was endeavoring to escape over a road cut through the cedars. A gallant brigade of infantry which had been its support, in the most perfect order, and with hardly an attempt to return our fire, emerged from the cedars and was double-quickening diagonally across our front, but increasing its distance at every step. As we came into full view, with no obstructions between us, the long deferred fire from the Confederates became terrific. The retiring Federal infantry, being nearer to us, came in for most of our attention, though the battery, which was trying to escape, received its due notice, especially from the right wing.

The work at this point was short and rapid, and the Confederate fire cool and deliberate. In what appeared to be but a few minutes no foe remained in sight. The line closing to the right, marching by the right flank was aligned anew just back of the ground lately occupied by the enemy. In this position we had a chance to survey the deadly accuracy of the Confederate fire. Stretched before and behind us, in every crevice in the rocks, which seem to be common to all cedar glades, the Federal wounded had crept for shelter. Mangled masses of human forms, torn in every conceivable way, lay scattered in all directions. The rectified alignment of the regiment threw the writer well past the right four pieces of the Federal battery, which stood perhaps fifteen paces in our front. Of the horses which drew these six pieces and their caissons not one was on his feet. Most were dead, and all the rest wounded. When the command "Forward," was given, the writer passed between two pieces and two caissons, the twelve horses and six riders to which—the latter with whips still clinched in their hands—lay dead on each side. And all this had been done by musketry in the short space in which the pieces had been limbered up and were striving to escape. The advance of the First Tennessee infantry from this point was through a dense cedar thicket of considerable extent, through which the enemy's shells came in an almost constant stream.

Volunteers were called for to go forward and report the position of the Federals in our front. Two were selected from each wing, among numbers that offered, who, creeping forward from cedar to cedar, soon returned with information that the woods before us were clear of the enemy, and that across a long open field beyond it the Federal infantry

and artillery were heavily massed. Our line was instantly put in motion, and soon we reached a point near the edge of the thicket, with the wide, open field in front. The course of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, running parallel to our line, was plainly visible by the mark of the cut through which it ran, while a short distance in front of it a long line of blue coats was stretched at full length on the ground. Our men were disposed to try their marksmanship on the mounted officers behind, but night was so near at hand, and the light so rapidly failing that a heavy picket detail was put forward; our main line stacked arms, and for the first time since daylight acted independently of command. Most of us went to the edge of the woods, but little in rear of the pickets. The latter, unable to restrain a desire to keep up the shooting, or perhaps anxious to drive further away any annoyances which they thought to be uncomfortably close, were popping away at the Federals with a rapidity that appeared at times almost a continuous fire. The enemy, stung by this persistent assault, ran forward at full gallop a battery of six pieces and opened fire. A Confederate battery to our right took in the whole performance. With the most accurate aim the latter burst its shells over the guns of the enemy, driving him from his position so speedily that a cheer involuntarily arose from every Confederate who saw it. Almost at the same instant that the battery withdrew a long line of mounted men, evidently the staff and escort of the Federal commander, passed in full view toward our right. The same Confederate battery sent its shot in that direction. A momentary pause in the cavalcade in view was followed by its speedy withdrawal. But a substitute appeared in its stead. Almost instantly the writer knows not how many batteries turned their rapid fire upon us and the brigade to our right. Perhaps as many as twenty-five pieces sent their well-directed grape and shell along the edge of that cedar brake. So terrific was the fire that large trees were split asunder. Every man hastened to his place, and taking his musket from the stacks prepared to resist an attack which such an outbreak seemed to foretell. It was, however, the last effort of the enemy to secure relief for the night from the galling fire of the

Confederates. With the fading light quiet took possession of that field of carnage, the First Tennessee infantry removing from the position they then occupied not until long after dark on the night in which our army retreated. We were then moved some distance to the right, and halted in line of battle near where the railroad bridge crosses Stone River.

It was in the midst of a cold, winter rain, just before daylight, on the third or fourth day of January, 1863, that Maney's brigade, the First Tennessee in the rear, waded the river on the retreat to Shelbyville. To undress would be to get our clothes wet anyhow, to say nothing of the difficulty which might attend the efforts to pull on wet boots after they had been taken off. We kept our clothes on. The water was up to our waists, and the rain furnished enough more to justify our claim to an orthodox immersion. In this uncomfortable condition we set out on the march of some twenty-five miles, which we made by the next night. During the forenoon a north wind sprung up, and an unclouded sun succeeded the rain of the night before. Under these favorable circumstances the drying process rapidly began.

It is with a feeling of gratefulness that the writer recollects the long halt of several hours which we took about ten miles to the southeast of Murfreesboro. A wide stretch of open country, the view of which for a long distance was commanded by the hill on which we halted, lay between us and Murfreesboro, and secured us against surprise. Maney's brigade was drawn up in line so as to cover any approaches from the enemy's direction. The rest of the army continued its march until not even a straggler was left behind us. Those of us in the rearguard, after kindling large fires, threw themselves down to secure some much-needed sleep. The cavalry was still to our rear. It thus happened that as we had been the first infantry to meet, or rather to watch the Federal advance, so we were the last left to cover our retreat. We were not molested, however, by the enemy, and, taking up our march again at about noon, we reached camp, some three miles from Shelbyville, Tennessee, at night-fall. The rapidly-executed tragedy, which may be called the Murfreesboro campaign, was ended!

Samuel Seay.

BRAGG'S CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY, 1862.

THE campaign in Kentucky, undertaken by General Bragg in the summer and autumn of 1862, furnishes material, when its results of all kinds are rightly considered, for one of the most notable chapters in the history of the civil war.

The strategic operations of both armies are interesting even to a non-professional reader of such topics, and do not lack in valuable lessons to the military student.

The immediate influence and effect of the campaign upon the conduct of the war in the Department of Tennessee were exceedingly important, while its ultimate effect—its influence upon the event of the great conflict—was emphatic and decisive. It can be demonstrated, I think, that upon no effort which the Confederacy made, during its brief existence of constant struggle, did more depend than on the success or failure of this well conceived but futile attempt to transfer the combat to fields where victories might be of some value and give hope of final triumph.

Much has been said and written about the possibly different result of the war, had an effort to improve the victory of the first Manassas been made by the Confederate commanders, had Albert Sidney Johnston lived to complete the first day's work of Shiloh, or if Lee had won Gettysburg.

But the promise of substantial and permanent benefit to the Southern cause which a successful consummation of this campaign in Kentucky offered was larger and more certain, I am persuaded, than on any of these occasions.

The army commanded by Generals Beauregard and Joseph E. Johnston at Manassas, magnificent as was its *personnel*, had neither the organization, discipline, nor material to properly and effectively improve its victory. The fruits of such a victory as we have always believed death prevented Albert Johnston from achieving, at Shiloh, would have been very great; but, while Grant's army might have been destroyed, Buell's would have remained uninjured, and as strong, if not stronger than the victors, ready to contest their passage of the Tennessee, or, failing in that, to dispute stubbornly every foot of their advance to the Ohio. When Gettysburg was fought, it was too late for skill, courage, or fortune to avail the Confederacy. The struggle had be-

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come then a mere comparison of national resources. The North had discovered her own strength and knew that of her adversary. All of her vast resources were organized for and pledged to the conquest of the seceded States. The draft and the recruiting markets of the world could replenish her ranks and supply fresh armies, even if those already in the field were crushed. The day when despondency or demoralization might have induced an abandonment of the purpose to suppress the rebellion had passed, and an energetic, desperate resolve to win at any cost had overcome every other sentiment.

But such was not the Northern feeling when, in the second summer of the war, the Confederate banners, after having been driven far to the south, advanced again, and were suddenly seen waving in the heart of Kentucky. It must be remembered that at the same date, Lee having swept Virginia clean of foes, was pressing defiantly into Maryland, his march attended by successes at every step.

At that time it had not occurred to the people of the North to raise armies by forced enlistments, or by importing the surplus population of Europe. The temper which demanded measures so energetic, which clamored for the emancipation of the slaves, for the employment of the freedmen as soldiers, and insisted that anything and every thing be done to beat down Southern resistance was, as I have just said, of later birth.

On both sides the first ardor had largely abated; and the fierce spirit born of long and bloody strife had not yet been aroused. Neither people had gotten what the pugilists might call "their second wind."

The Federal armies were no longer filled by volunteering. Immense sums had been expended, vast hosts had been put in the field, tremendous sacrifices had been made to subdue the South, and the South, nevertheless, seemed as strong and defiant as when the first gun was fired at Sumter.

If at such a time the Confederate arms had been triumphant from the Ohio to the Potomac, if Northern territory had been threatened with general invasion, is there not some reason for believing that a conviction of the impossibility of subjugating the South might have taken hold of the Northern mind? If, at such a moment, the question of continuing an apparently

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hopeless war, or terminating the terrible bloodshed and suffering even by letting the "erring sisters go in peace," had been submitted to the Northern people, is it altogether inconceivable that they would have accepted peace?

They would have entertained no such thought at an earlier or at a later period of the contest; but it is not incredible that it might have been favorably received at the date of which I speak.

I may be permitted to repeat in terms which I long since used in discussing this same subject, the opinion I have never changed, in regard to the effect General Bragg's success would have produced on Southern *moralé* and action.

"But if there were strong military reasons why an effort should be made to accomplish decisive results in this campaign, there were other and even stronger reasons for it to be found in the political conditions North and South.

"The Confederacy, alarmed by the reverses of the winter and spring, had just put forth tremendous efforts. The South had done all that she could be made to do by the stimulus of fear. Increased, aye, even sustained exertion could have been elicited from her only by the intoxication of unwonted and dazzling success. No additional inducement could have been offered the soldier, whom pride and patriotism had sent into the field, to remain with his colors but the attraction of brilliant victories and popular campaigns. No incentive could have lured into the ranks the young men who had evaded the conscription and held out against the sentiment of their people but a prospect of a speedy and successful termination of the war. But there are few among those who are acquainted with the temper of the people of Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi at that time, who will not agree with me that a great victory in Kentucky, and the prospect of holding that State, perhaps of crossing the Ohio, would have brought to Bragg's army more Tennesseans, Alabamians, and Mississippians than were gotten into the Confederate service during the remaining two years and a half of the war."

If this view of the situation be at all correct—if at this period, and very largely in this movement, was to be found the only real and practicable opportunity which the South at any time had to close the contest successfully—there is no need to commend a study of Bragg's campaign in Kentucky to the reader whose interest in such matters is in proportion to their historical importance.

After Shiloh, disasters to the Confederate cause upon that line became frequent. Island No. 10 was captured on the 7th of April, contemporaneously with the second day of the great battle. Corinth, after the slow approach of General Halleck with one hundred thousand men, sometimes called a siege, was evacuated on the 30th of May. Fort Pillow was abandoned June 1st, and Memphis on June 6th. With the exception of East Tennessee, still firmly held, all territory north of the Tennessee River and of the States of Mississippi and Alabama was virtually surrendered, and all the points previously occupied by Confederate garrisons evacuated or captured, at the beginning of the summer of 1862.

The Army of Tennessee, after leaving Corinth, retreated to Tupelo, a station about sixty miles south of Corinth, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. The effective strength of the forces immediately under command of General Beauregard was very nearly fifty thousand. At Jackson, Vicksburg, and other points and in Arkansas, there were some thirty-five or forty thousand Confederate troops, inefficiently armed and organized; and there were fourteen or fifteen thousand in East Tennessee, scattered from Chattanooga to Cumberland Gap, under General E. Kirby Smith. The total effective force of the Confederates, therefore, in the West was something over one hundred thousand men.

I have already said that there were in front of Corinth, under General Halleck, one hundred thousand Federal soldiers. The number has been estimated even higher than that, for I have seen the statement that he had one hundred and eight thousand, five hundred and thirty eight men fit for duty on the day that he entered Corinth.

A division of Buell's army, under General Mitchell, about seven thousand strong, was at Huntsville, Alabama, holding the Memphis and Charleston Railroad and moving toward Chattanooga. George W. Morgan's division of Buell's army, about ten thousand strong, was at Cumberland Gap, in East Tennessee, and three or four thousand men had been left at Nashville or in the vicinity. Curtis, with ten or twelve thousand men was entering Arkansas, and there were small garrisons at the points recently evacuated by or captured from the Confederates. The total effective Federal strength, then, in the West must have been about one hundred and forty thousand men. These troops were vastly better armed, equip-

ped, and supplied, in all respects, than were the Confederate forces to which they were opposed.

The repeated and severe reverses which the Confederacy had sustained in Tennessee and Mississippi, the fall of New Orleans, the Mississippi River in possession of the enemy and patrolled by his gun-boats from Cairo to Vicksburg, and from Vicksburg to the Gulf, had greatly discouraged both the people and the soldiery of the South; and while the *moralé* of the men was not so impaired that they would not behave well in the presence of the enemy, the effect of further ill-fortune, or of inaction which might give despondency opportunity to sap their courage and energy, was greatly to be dreaded. An aggressive Confederate policy in that department, therefore, had become a necessity. The only question was where, how, and to what extent the offensive should be assumed.

On the other hand, an energetic prosecution of the offensive was clearly the proper and sole method by which the advantages already gained by the Federal arms could be adequately improved. The situation was eminently favorable to the successful adoption of such a policy upon the part of Halleck. He had possession of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad for virtually its entire length, and was in rail communication with Nashville. He was able, therefore, to supply his army both from Nashville and Memphis. The railroads, it is true, had been broken at some points, but he had ample facilities for their repair. The rolling stock upon them was limited, but there was enough of it to render him efficient service for the movement of troops and supplies. A grand forward movement into the heart of the Confederate territory as yet untouched by invasion was open to Halleck upon two lines. He might push on along the Mobile and Ohio Railroad and attack the Confederate army at Tupelo. If successful, which, with his overwhelming numbers, he might well hope to be, that army would be either crushed or driven so far to the southward as to lose all means of communication with the Confederate forces in the Trans-Mississippi, if not with those in East Tennessee. Vicksburg, threatened from the rear, would be no longer tenable, and falling into his hands would furnish him a depot and base of operations completely removing all necessity of maintaining the longer and more difficult communications with Memphis and Nashville.

Or, if he concentrated at Chattanooga, he might pursue the line of invasion subsequently taken by Sherman along the line of the railroad to Atlanta; and thence marching to the sea, capture Charleston, Savannah, and all points on the coast.

The Memphis and Charleston Railroad and the road from Chattanooga to Richmond constituted the only through-rail route from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi River then in the territory of the seceded States. The only other rail connection at that date, between Vicksburg or Memphis and Chattanooga, was by way of Mobile. But the distance between Corinth, the starting point of the first supposed movement, and Chattanooga is more than two hundred miles. To have attempted an advance on either the one line or the other, with less than very nearly the entire force at his disposal, would have been imprudent. Yet to do so would leave the line not chosen open to a counter-advance by the Confederates, and expose the troops left upon it to great danger. Such considerations may have deterred General Halleck from the active and aggressive movements generally expected of him by both sides. At any rate, he was encouraged neither by the elation of his own troops over their successes, nor by the despondency of his adversaries, nor by any thing he could discover in the strategic situation, to advance or seek battle; but he seemed only anxious to hold securely the ground he had already won.

As early as the 3d of June, he began such dispersion of the army collected at Corinth as demonstrated his purpose of inaction, at least for the summer. He sent the divisions of Wallace and McClernand to Bolivar on the Mississippi Central Railroad. The divisions of Sherman and Hurlbut were also sent in the direction of Memphis. Pope, who was pursuing Beauregard, was ordered not to bring on an engagement, and to go into camp in the immediate vicinity of Corinth; while Buell was ordered to march with all the forces under his command on the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad in the direction of Chattanooga.

General Beauregard relinquished command of the department about the middle of June on account of ill health, and General Bragg was appointed to succeed him. That officer had won great and merited reputation by his conduct at Shiloh. It was generally conceded that he had no superior as a corps commander among the Confederate officers who had

achieved distinction in that capacity, and an almost universal confidence obtained that he would be no less successful as chief of an army. He had demonstrated his possession, in an eminent degree, of the qualities necessary for the work of organization, discipline, and military administration. The improvement he immediately wrought in these respects confirmed the opinion induced by his labors at Pensacola; for, out of the forces which were certainly much demoralized at Corinth, he had very soon made a thoroughly disciplined army at Tupelo. His capacity as strategist and tactician—as field captain—were yet to be tested. His warmest friends will doubtless now admit that he did not, as army leader and departmental commander, sustain his previous fame, or the expectations which had been formed of him. But the criticism which once so fiercely challenged his right to be estimated as a great soldier in any regard, is now silent, and must be held unjust. The severity, which was formerly believed to be the tendency of a harsh and unsympathetic nature to express itself in congenial acts of tyranny, is now better understood. We can discern that the strong, imperious, relentless will was executing, in a way which seemed to it best and most necessary, a sincere, unselfish, patriotic purpose. If, like some stern commander of the early legionaries, he sought to teach the discipline which makes the soldier fear his officer more than he does the enemy, he was as ready as the Roman to devote himself to "the gods of death and the grave," if it might win victory for his people.

And if there were grave strategic errors in the latter conduct of the campaign, which so nearly relieved the Southern States of the presence of armed hosts, and gave fair promise of carrying the war to the States north of the Ohio, it may, nevertheless, be claimed that its conception and initial steps were worthy the genius, and would have enhanced the fame of the greatest captains of history. The Federal soldiers who have written of military events in the West have, as a rule, more thoroughly realized this than our own people.

Francis Vinton Greene, in his "Campaigns of The Civil War," volume "The Mississippi," pages 33 and 34, after commenting upon the cautious and feeble policy of Halleck, testifies to the prompt manner in which Bragg "seized the initiative," "and by a movement which was pre-eminently remarkable for its boldness, its skill, and its success, transferred a part of his

army to Chattanooga, whence he led Buell a stern chase straight to Louisville. The Union opportunity was thus lost, and Bragg was allowed to control the course of events in the West. The Union armies were not again united until Vicksburg had been taken, and the whole force put under Grant's direction in order to drive Bragg out of Chattanooga in November, 1863."

Buell, as I have said, was sent by Halleck early in June eastward along the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. His objective point seems not to have been definite—at least it was not entirely clear to General Halleck, if we are permitted to judge of that officer's intentions by his orders and correspondence. On the 10th of June he let it be understood that he would employ Buell's army to drive the Confederates out of East Tennessee, for which purpose it would have been necessary for Buell to have pushed into that territory, at least as far as Knoxville. On the 25th of June, when informing Secretary Stanton of the general disposition he was making of his forces, he said, "General Buell's army is moving east, through a healthy region, via Decatur, Huntsville, and Stevenson. Should he be able to penetrate into Georgia as far as Atlanta, he will still be in a dry and mountainous country." It is not easy to understand how General Halleck could have believed that Buell could dislodge Kirby Smith from East Tennessee and then march to Atlanta within the period of two or three months. It rather appears that he was contemplating one or the other movement without having positively decided upon either. He continued, rather *naively*, "Of course, this plan is based on the supposition that the enemy will not attempt an active campaign during the summer." General James B. Fry, in his account of the operations of the "Army under Buell," says, very tersely, "The supposition proved to be groundless." When General Halleck heard of Bragg's arrival at Chattanooga, and his dash into Kentucky, he, too, was doubtless of the opinion that he had indulged a rash hypothesis.

On the other hand, Buell realized perfectly what ought to be done, and was in favor of advancing via McMinnville and Sparta rather than by Chattanooga. One reason, and a very sufficient one, was that he would have very much less difficulty in supplying his army from Nashville on that line than if compelled to keep up his long rail communication between Nashville and Chattanooga. But to

any reader at all familiar with the country it is evident that a movement by that line meant necessarily that Knoxville was its objective point and the Federal capture and occupation of East Tennessee its purpose. Halleck, however, instructed him to move directly to Chattanooga. While he was engaged in repairing the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and his advance along its line was necessarily slow, the Army of the Potomac met with serious reverses in Virginia, McClellan was driven from before Richmond, and Washington was stricken with consternation. Halleck was immediately called on to send reinforcements to the East. He resisted the demand, and a long correspondence on the subject ensued between him and the Secretary of War, ending in both parties agreeing to throw the blame on Buell's tardiness, Halleck having urged the pre-eminent importance of the movement on Chattanooga as the excuse for not weakening the forces at his disposal. That such criticism of Buell was entirely unjust is, I believe, conceded now by every one.

On June 30th Halleck notified Buell that Thomas' division, which was a part of Buell's army, would not be permitted to join him, and expressed the opinion that Bragg was preparing to attack Corinth. He deemed it necessary, therefore, to strengthen the forces there. He was of the opinion, also, at that date, that the movement on Chattanooga had better be abandoned.

It can readily be perceived how such incertitude would embarrass a subordinate and paralyze an advance attended with even less difficulties. Buell, however, was now left free to choose the line he had always preferred, and to draw his supplies from Nashville.

But Halleck had by no means correctly judged Bragg's intentions. Nothing was farther from that general's purpose than to attack Corinth. On the 27th of June he started McCown's division to Chattanooga as the first installment of the forces he meant to transfer there for the grand advance into Kentucky.

In the latter part of June General Mitchell, with his division of Buell's army, made a demonstration against Chattanooga, and shelled the town during part of one day. It has been frequently stated that this demonstration increased the difficulty of any subsequent attempt upon the place by inducing a concentration of troops there for its defense. This is to some extent true. It has also been said that the garrison was already too strong for

Mitchell to have beaten it. This is incorrect. I was in Chattanooga at the time, and have an accurate idea of the situation. It was held by only a few hundred troops with two or three field-pieces. The only difficulty Mitchell would have encountered would have been the crossing of the river. If he had accomplished that the garrison could have made no effective resistance. Immediately afterward, however, Kirby Smith sent more troops there, and General Heth was placed in command pending the arrival of McCown. The latter officer arrived with his division on the 6th of July.

On the 22d of July Bragg commenced moving the other troops which were destined for Chattanooga, and ultimately Kentucky. About twenty-five thousand in number, they were carried by rail via Mobile, and all had reached Chattanooga by the 10th or 12th of August. On the 16th of August, having crossed the Tennessee River, he commenced his northward march. Very nearly about the same date General Kirby Smith began moving in pursuance of his part of the general plan which had been concerted between them, and leaving Stevenson with eight or nine thousand men in front of Cumberland Gap, he marched with about twelve thousand infantry, under himself and General Heth, and Scott's cavalry regiment, through Big Creek and Roger's gaps into Kentucky.

That the Federal forces in the vicinity of Corinth, which now—Halleck having been ordered to Washington—were under the immediate command of General Grant, might be kept employed and prevented, as far as possible, from reinforcing Buell, General Bragg instructed Generals Price and Van Dorn, who commanded the troops left at Tupelo and in that region, to assume the offensive as speedily as it was feasible to do so, and to maintain it as energetically as possible. The aggregate strength of the forces which they could use for such purpose was between twenty-five and thirty thousand. They immediately began to maneuver in such wise as to keep Grant and Rosencrans actively engaged, and constantly on the alert, and their operations were the more to be commended because of the limited area in which they were conducted. During the entire period which Bragg's campaign occupied they were energetically and efficiently carrying out his instructions. The battle of Iuka was fought with that view on the 19th of September, and the battle of Corinth on October 3d. They were unable to prevent a por-

tion of Grant's command from being sent to Buell, but they detained the bulk of it until after the campaign was decided.

Buell's advance during July had been greatly hindered, and his situation made more difficult by the activity of the Confederate cavalry in Middle Tennessee and Kentucky, under Forrest and Morgan. Forrest, leaving Chattanooga on the 6th of July, penetrated the heart of the country then occupied by the Federal forces, and gaining Buell's rear, not only harassed, but inflicted upon him damage not readily to be repaired. On the 13th he attacked Murfreesboro, captured the garrison, largely exceeding in numerical strength his own command, and an immense quantity of stores and supplies of all kinds. The most serious injury done Buell by this blow, however, was in that Forrest broke the railroad, and continuing to operate with the daring and energy which always characterized him, almost completely destroyed Buell's communications with Nashville.

Morgan, marching from Knoxville on the 4th of July, swept through Kentucky with eight or nine hundred men, advanced nearly to Covington, captured some two thousand prisoners, defeated all the outlying Federal cavalry commands, and necessitated the detention of troops that Buell was urgently needing. Returning to Tennessee he established himself at Hartsville, captured the garrison at Gallatin, subsequently defeated at the same point a special cavalry force sent after him, and held the railroad so firmly that its use between Louisville and Nashville was greatly impaired. He rendered the tunnel at Gallatin—several hundred yards long—useless for more than three months.

The effective strength of all the forces subject to Buell's orders when Bragg marched from Chattanooga was about forty-six thousand. On account of the necessity of guarding the railroads, by which communication was maintained with the army under General Grant as well as with Nashville, and the difficulty of supplying the troops while these communications were being continually interrupted, these forces were distributed over a wide extent of territory. Early in August, just after Morgan's return from the raid into Kentucky above mentioned, I sent Lieutenant Manly of my regiment—which was then stationed at Sparta—into Nashville and Middle Tennessee for the purpose of ascertaining as nearly as possible the strength and disposition of Buell's

army. Manly was the shrewdest, most daring, and most successful seeker of such information I ever knew, as he had previously quite frequently demonstrated. He proceeded to Nashville, made the acquaintance of the provost, and of a number of officers, and so ingratiated himself with them as to obtain passes which enabled him reach every point he desired to visit. In the course of ten days he returned, and reported that there were thirty-six thousand troops at Nashville, three thousand at Pulaski, four thousand at Columbia, three thousand at Shelbyville, some two or three thousand at Decatur, Huntsville, and other points on the Alabama line, and twelve thousand at McMinnville.

The strength of the main body under General Buell he had not attempted to ascertain. He reported, also, that a great deal of rolling-stock was collected at Nashville, and a large wagon-train was parked at Murfreesboro. I have subsequently ascertained from officers of General Buell's staff that this estimate was extremely accurate. It was transmitted, in accordance with instructions received from General Morgan, to General Kirby Smith.

As early as the 7th of August, Buell notified Halleck that Bragg had effected a junction with the forces at Knoxville, and was about to advance on him, and announced his inability to concentrate in sufficient force east of Nashville to oppose Bragg with hope of success. On the 30th of August—Bragg's programme, so far as it involved an advance into Tennessee, having become fully developed—Buell issued an order for the concentration of his troops at Murfreesboro, and telegraphed Halleck, "Every day makes it more evident that we must abandon our extended lines and concentrate at some point nearer our base of supplies. Our communications are interrupted almost daily. I can not collect at any point this side of Murfreesboro more than thirty thousand men. I am therefore preparing to concentrate at Murfreesboro."

General Bragg was well aware of Buell's situation and the necessity he was under of drawing nearer his base. He informed General Smith, on the 15th of August, that "Buell's forces are much scattered, and from all accounts much demoralized. By rapid movements and vigorous blows we may beat him in detail, or by gaining his rear very much increase his demoralization and break him up." And he subsequently telegraphed, "Buell has certainly fallen back from the Memphis and Charleston

Railroad, and will probably not make a stand this side of Nashville, if there."

There is no reason for believing that General Bragg meant to attack Buell at Nashville, although some writers have supposed that such was his intention. Had he entertained such purpose, he would have required General Smith to move across the mountains toward Middle Tennessee and effect a junction with him at Sparta, instead of pressing directly into Kentucky. Without the aid of these forces he would have been weaker than Buell, for he had certainly less than thirty thousand infantry in his own column. He would have attacked Buell unquestionably, had the latter contested his progress; and it would have been scarcely possible for Buell to have collected, at any point upon Bragg's line of march, or even east of Murfreesboro, more than twenty thousand men to contest it. But that march was directed from the first, without any thought of change or deflection, for the heart of Kentucky. It was only after the goal had been reached, when the final moment had arrived, when the time came at which the issue sought and striven for was about to be joined, that indecision and timidity marred all. Buell drew in his widely scattered detachments with wonderful celerity, and, in an incredibly brief period after he began to concentrate, stood ready for battle or march.

The long gray column did not seek to grapple with him upon the ground where he stood grimly expectant and aligned. It wound up the Sequatchie Valley, through the pleasant, smiling meadows walled in by huge, rocky, mountain buttresses; traversed the green, breezy forest uplands around Sparta; bent downward again, like an eagle from his eyrie, to the fertile banks of the Cumberland; crossed the beautiful river by the fords through which the cavalry were wont to wade when passing

its moonlit waters on their raids, and Kentucky witnessed once more and welcomed the gleam of Southern bayonets, the white and crimson of the Confederate flag.

The veterans of Buell waited in battle order for the onset, which the ominous sounds the mountains gave forth seemed to presage. But so soon as it became apparent that the war-cloud was not to burst there, but had swept northward, their undaunted leader, as promptly and resolutely as when he turned the tide of battle and saved the honor of his flag at Shiloh, faced about and hastened straight after his foe. Leaving a garrison of some eight thousand men at Nashville, Buell strained every nerve to anticipate Bragg in his occupation of Central Kentucky, or, at least, reach Louisville before it fell into the hands of the Confederates.

General Bragg had excellent roads between Sparta and Glasgow, his first objective point in Kentucky, and a direct and shorter route than that by which Buell was compelled to move. The latter's proper route was along his line of communications, via Nashville and Bowling Green. It was necessary that he should march to Bowling Green, and reach it before Bragg, as it was a large depot of supplies, and his only one south of Louisville. He reached Bowling Green about the same time that Bragg arrived at Glasgow. Bragg concentrated at Glasgow, on the 14th of September, "for the purpose," he said, "of striking a blow at Bowling Green." The blow, however, was not delivered, and when Buell even pushed out toward Glasgow and threatened him, he declined the challenge and withdrew.

Here was the first exhibition of that vacillation, that fatal irresolution which was to wither the bright hopes his promises and his previous action had aroused.

Basil W. Duke.

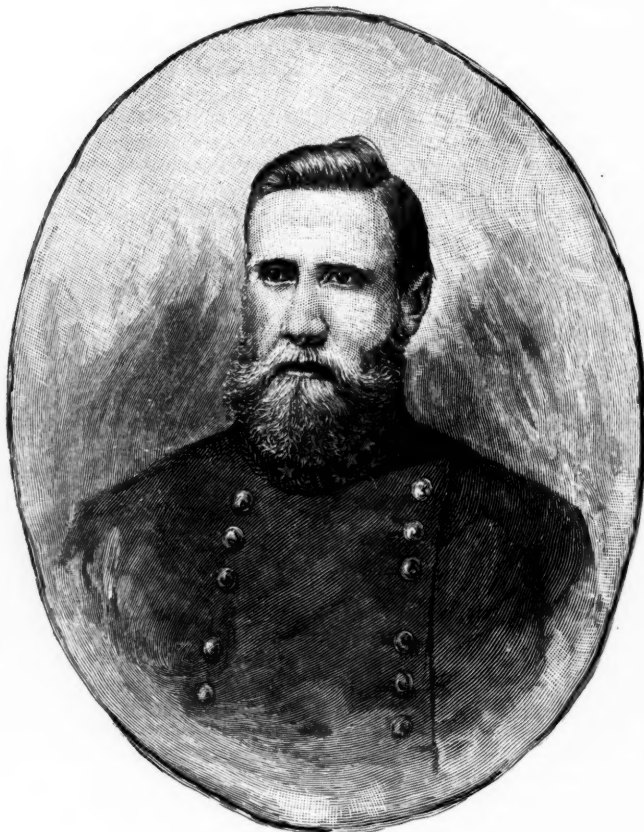
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WRECK.

- I. Along the sky a surging wind,
How swift and loud!
Has cast away, in fragments gray,
An evening cloud.
- II. It had the semblance of a ship,
And so must be
A broken bark, swept through the dark,
A wreck at sea!

William H. Hayne.

HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.



GENERAL J. B. HOOD.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

GENERAL THOMAS assembled his corps' commanders on the afternoon of December 14th, 1864, and discussed his plan of battle until it was thoroughly understood. This plan of battle was announced to his army:

SPECIAL FIELD ORDERS, NO. 342.

PARAGRAPH IV. "As soon as the state of the weather will admit of offensive operations, the troops will move against the enemy's position in the following order:

"Major-General A. J. Smith, commanding detachment of the Army of Tennessee, after forming his troops on and near the Harding pike in front of his

position, will make a vigorous assault on the enemy's left. Major-General Wilson, commanding the cavalry corps, military division of the Mississippi, with three divisions, will move and support General Smith's right, assisting as far as possible in carrying the left of the enemy's position, and be in readiness to throw his force upon the enemy the moment a favorable opportunity occurs. Major-General Wilson will also send one division on the Charlotte pike to clear that road of the enemy, and observe in the direction of Bell's Landing to protect our right rear until the enemy's position is fairly turned, when it will rejoin the main force. Brigadier-General T. J. Wood, commanding Fourth army corps, after leaving a strong skirmish line in his works from Lawren's Hill to his extreme right, will form the remainder of the Fourth corps on the Hillsboro pike to support General Smith's left, and operate on the left and rear of the enemy's advanced position on the Mont-

gomery Hill. Major-General Schofield, commanding Twenty-third army corps, will replace Brigadier-General Kimball's division of the Fourth corps with his troops, and occupy the trenches from Fort Negley to Lawren's Hill with a strong skirmish line. He will move with the remainder of his force in front of the works and co-operate with General Wood, protecting the latter's left flank against an attack by the enemy. Major-General Steedman, commanding district of Etowah, will occupy the interior line in rear of his present position, stretching from the reservoir on the Cumberland River to Fort Negley with a strong skirmish line, and mass the remainder of his force in its present position to act according to the exigencies which may arise during these operations. Brigadier-General Miller, with the troops forming the garrison of Nashville, will occupy the interior line from the battery on Hill 210 to the extreme right, including the inclosed work on the Hyde's Ferry road. The Quartermaster's troops, under command of Brigadier-General Donaldson, will, if necessary, be posted on the interior line from Fort Morton to the battery on Hill 210. The troops occupying the interior line will be under the direction of Major-General Steedman, who is charged with the immediate defense of Nashville during the operations around the city. Should the weather permit, the troops will be formed to commence operations at 6 A. M. on the 15th, or as soon thereafter as practicable."

On the morning of the 15th, General Thomas, profiting by a dense fog, and the broken and hilly formation of the ground, initiated the preliminary movements of the plan of battle agreed upon, and had succeeded in making important progress in the movement of his troops, before General Hood was aware that his left was endangered.

General Thomas had instructed General Steedman to make a heavy demonstration against Hood's right, east from the Nolinsville pike. General Steedman at 5:30 A. M. moved Thompson's, Morgan's and Grosvenor's brigades, with two batteries of artillery, to attack the right of Cheatham's corps. The movement of these brigades was delayed by the fog. The fog partially clearing away at 8 A. M., Steedman promptly attacked Cheatham's line, between the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, and the Murfreesboro pike, and was repulsed.

General Steedman reformed his troops and assaulted an earthwork in Cheatham's line immediately east from, and within short musket-range of Rains' house, and was again repulsed. Steedman assaulted with such vigor that Hood believed his right was attacked in force. As soon as Steedman moved his troops, to make heavy demonstrations on Hood's right, General Smith at 6 A. M. marched the Sixteenth corps on the Harding pike, with Garrard's division in front, connected with Wood's right,

McArthur's division moving on the Harding and Charlotte pikes, and formed on Garrard's right, with Moore's division on the Harding pike forming in rear of the centre to act as a reserve. As soon as Smith's infantry moved, General Wilson moved his cavalry divisions, with Hatch's division in advance, followed by



BRIG.-GENERAL THOS. J. WOOD.

Croxtan, Johnson's division moving on the Charlotte pike to observe the batteries at Bell's Landing and protect the right flank. Knipe's division moved on the Harding pike, and was in general reserve. This movement of the infantry and cavalry was delayed by the fog. General Hood's line extended westwardly from the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, crossing the Nolinsville pike, enclosing Rains' hill, with its approaches, the Nashville and Decatur Railroad, across Brown's Creek, the Franklin and Granny White pikes, crossing a spur of hills immediately south of Montgomery hill, thence deflecting southwardly with this spur, east from the Hillsboro pike, and thence westwardly across this pike, to a hill immediately west of the Hillsboro pike. Cheatham was on the right, Lee in the centre, Stewart on the left. Colonel Coleman, commanding Ector's brigade, was on picket

on the Harding pike, about one mile west from the extreme left of Stewart's line, with Chalmers' cavalry on his right and left. Rucker's brigade of Chalmers' division, of cavalry, was on the extreme left of the army, at Bell's Landing, on the Cumberland River.

On the morning of the 15th Walthall's division, on the extreme left of Stewart's main line, was withdrawn to the neighborhood of the Compton House, and put in bivouac, and the space in the line, thus vacated, was filled by Loring extending his division nearly to the Hillsboro pike, with Sears' brigade on the left of him. The hills west from the Hillsboro pike, on the left of Stewart's line, were being strengthened under the directions of officers of the Engineers' corps, Walthall furnishing fatigue parties for that purpose. The object was to protect Stewart's left flank, by constructing detached self-supporting works on these hill-tops, and in the event of attack, to man these works with artillery, and supporting detachments of one hundred men each, to resist any effort that might be made to turn the left flank of the army. The intervals between these hills were considerable, and, in one instance, more than twelve hundred yards. Major Storrs, with his Adjutant, Lieutenant Norfleet Smith, at an early hour on the morning of the 15th, started for Bell's Landing, to look after a section of Parrot guns, detached from Hoskins' battery of his battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Williams, on duty on the Cumberland River, and shortly after day-break he reached Colonel Coleman on the Harding pike. Colonel Coleman and Major Storrs rode beyond the picket line, and although the fog was heavy, they soon became satisfied that the enemy had troops to the left and in front of Coleman. As the fog lifted they saw columns of troops moving into position, and, with the assistance of field-glasses, estimated, from the number of standards counted, the force to be about twenty thousand. Colonel Coleman promptly reported this movement to General Stewart, by courier from time to time, as the proportions of this movement developed. Storrs also sent Lieutenant Smith to report the result of these observations to General Stewart, at the same time directed him to have his artillery ready for action. Storrs remained with Coleman until his skirmish line had been driven in, when Coleman commenced to retire his brigade, in the direction of the Hillsboro pike, on the left of Stewart's corps. Storrs while riding at full

speed for General Wathall's headquarters, about one half of a mile from the main line met General Stewart going in the direction of Coleman. Storrs reined up and reported in detail his observations of the movements of the enemy. General Stewart asked him if he did not think it was a mere demonstration, when Storrs informed him, that Colonel Coleman and himself, after watching attentively the movements of the enemy for an hour, were satisfied that the movement meant a general battle, and that the line already deployed would lap his left for the distance of at least one mile. Storrs likewise reported this movement of the enemy to General Walthall. Walthall promptly ordered his division under arms, directed his trains to move to the Granny White pike, and his ordnance wagons and ambulances to a convenient distance in his rear. Storrs was directed to hold six guns of his artillery in readiness in their then reserve position to the rear of the left wing, and was further directed to take charge of two guns in the redoubt in Sears' line.* General Stewart, after receiving Storrs' report, continued in the direction of Coleman, and soon satisfied himself that the movements of the enemy indicated a general battle.

Coleman after skirmishing with the enemy, slowly retired before him, availing himself of every opportunity to delay his advance, moving his brigade well out upon the left, so as to prevent the enemy from turning it. At 11 A. M. Coleman had been driven to the extreme left of Walthall on the Hillsboro pike near the Compton House. As Coleman fell back skirmishing with the advancing enemy, General Wilson moved his cavalry, in grand style, on the right of the Sixteenth corps and rushed over Chalmers, captured his headquarters with his train of fourteen wagons, baggage, papers and records, brushed his command out of his way, wheeled Hatch's division to the left, crossed Richland Creek, and moved direct upon the left of Stewart's line. Hatch's division was now on the flank of a four-gun battery posted in a redoubt covering Stewart's left.

*General French was incapacitated for service because of illness.

SPECIAL ORDER, NO. 10:

HEADQUARTERS, STEWART'S CORPS, NEAR }
NASHVILLE, TENN., December 15, 1864. }

Sears' and Ector's Brigades, and all of the staff officers of Major-General French, will report at once for duty to Major-General Walthall.

By command of Lieutenant-General Stewart.

W. D. GALE, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Hatch dismounted his troops, assaulted this hill with Coon's brigade, and captured the battery with its infantry support of one hundred men. Immediately after the capture, Hatch's dismounted men, with McArthur's infantry, enveloped the second redoubt, and with overwhelming numbers, captured a four-gun battery with its infantry support of one hundred men. When these two redoubts had been captured, the infantry of the Sixteenth corps deployed in front of Walthall and shelled his line vigorously, but made no assault on his position. The line occupied by Walthall's division was at right angles to the main line of the army, behind a stone fence, on the east side of the Hillsboro pike, with Reynold's brigade on the right, connected with Sears', Quarles' brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General George D. Johnson, in the centre, Shelley's brigade on the left, and Coleman on the extreme left, disconnected with Shelley in the wooded elevations, near the Compton House, east from the Hillsboro pike. Sears' brigade was in the salient between Loring and Walthall. The left of Walthall's line was in the rear of the redoubt in which Lumsden's battery had been captured. Major Trueheart's battalion of artillery, which belonged to Walthall's division, except six guns that had been captured in the two redoubts, had been sent to other points, and posted on the main line, and this division, therefore, without artillery, was confronted with the enemy in overwhelming numbers. The enemy began to extend his line across the Hillsboro pike, immediately north of the Compton House, threatening Walthall's left. General Reynolds was detached from the right and ordered to the left, and the space which he left was filled by extending Shelley's and Johnston's brigades. General Hood, in the meantime, ordered Johnston's division of Lee's corps to reinforce Stewart's left. Deas' and Manigault's brigades had marched to the left, and Reynolds passed these brigades as he moved into the woodland about the Compton House, on the left. As Reynolds moved into position the enemy had taken the hill southwest of the Compton House, and was attacking the force west of Compton's. Reynolds moved rapidly into the woodland northeast of the Compton House, encountered the enemy and drove him back, but immediately he advanced in greater force, and having carried the hill west of Compton's, he turned the batteries on both hills on Reynolds. The interval on Reynolds' right was about four hundred yards,

and on his left about three hundred yards. The enemy enveloped both of Reynolds' flanks and drove him back through the woodland, in the direction of Granny White pike. Reynolds fell back contesting the advance of the enemy with great energy and indomitable resolution. The heavy flanking column of the enemy moved with irresistible force, completely

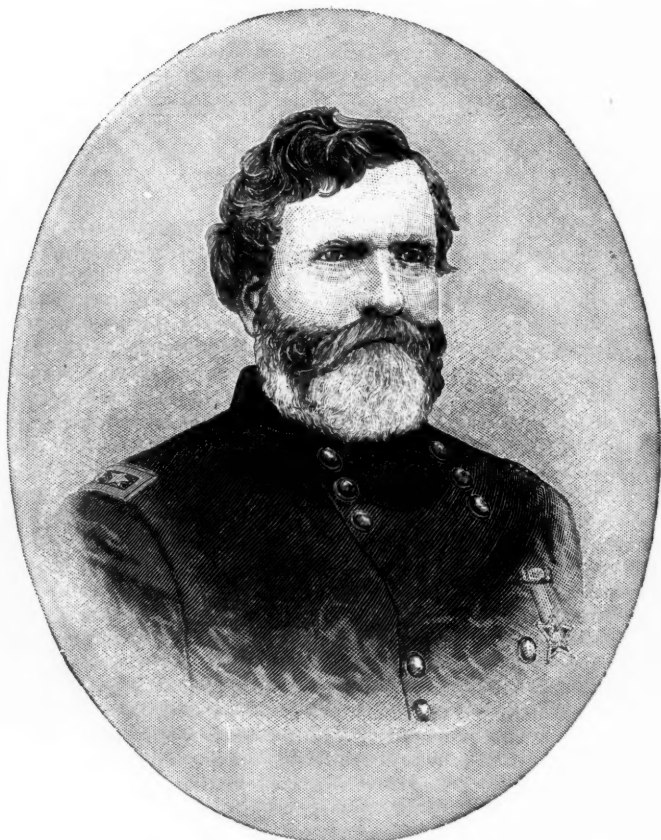


LT.-GENERAL S. D. LEE.

turning Stewart's left, with his left on the Hillsboro pike, advancing the full length of his line, sweeping through the woodland between the Granny White and Hillsboro pikes, in the direction of Mrs. Bradford's residence. Deas' and Manigault's brigades made a feeble resistance, and fled.* Loring's line not being pressed, a battery was ordered from it, which arrived at this moment, was placed on a commanding hill, and these brigades rallied to its support. They again fled, however, on the approach of the enemy, abandoning the battery which was captured.

By this time Sharpe's and Brantley's brigades of Johnson's division had come up, but were unable to check the progress of the enemy, who had passed the Hillsboro pike a full half mile, completely turning the left flank of Stewart's corps, and gaining the rear of both Walthall and Loring, whose situation was now

*Stewart's official report.



MAJ.-GENERAL GEO. H. THOMAS.

perilous in the extreme. General Stewart directed Walthall to watch his left and right, and hold his line as long as possible.* This flanking force of the enemy, advancing in line at right angles, and in rear of Stewart's left, compelled Walthall to withdraw from his line parallel to the Hillsboro pike, and fall back to and across the Granny White pike south of Dr. Gale's residence. General Wood moved the Fourth corps to his right, and in front of Montgomery's Hill, with Kimball's division on his right, connected with the left of Garrard's division

of the Sixteenth corps. At one o'clock P. M., he assaulted Montgomery's Hill with Post's brigade and carried it. He moved his corps in front of Loring, Sears' brigade, and Walthall; Kimball's division was in front of the salient in Sears' line. In this position the Fourth corps, in line of battle, awaited the flanking movement of General Smith's divisions on its right; General Schofield, commanding Twenty-third corps, was marched in rear of Wood and Smith, with instructions to operate on the right of Smith. This movement of Schofield was for the purpose of releasing Hatch's and Knipe's divisions of cavalry on Smith's right, so that the cavalry could operate in the rear of Hood. Smith's troops having captured the redoubts, and turned Stewart's left, with his advancing line perpendicular to the Hillsboro

*IN THE FIELD, 3:15 P. M.

GENERAL WALTHALL—General Johnson's brigades have fallen back on your left. Watch your left and right, and hold as long as you can. Cheatham is coming with two divisions. Respectfully,

ALEX. P. STEWART, Lieutenant-General.

pike, facing Nashville, in rear of Hood, General Wood moved his corps on the line and works in his front. Walthall with difficulty succeeding in withdrawing Shelley's and Johnson's brigades, as Kimball's division moved on the

Creek, opening ranks, the retreating troops passed through, and formed in his rear. Lee conformed his line on the left to meet the exigencies of the hour, connected with Loring, with Cheatham on the left, and this position was maintained, when darkness suspended further operations.

While the cavalry divisions operated on the left of Hood's army, General Johnson, with his division of cavalry, moved on the Charlotte pike, encountered Rucker's cavalry, supported by a battery, which he engaged and compelled to retire on a strong position about Bell's Landing. Croxton's brigade, which co-operated with Johnson in the forenoon, moved across the country to the Hillsboro pike to operate with Hatch on the right. During the night Rucker withdrew, and marched to the Hillsboro pike, leaving the Seventh Alabama cavalry to picket the Charlotte pike until daylight.

The operations of the first day of the battle resulted in the loss of the position held by Hood, with many pieces of artillery, but not many prisoners. General Thomas massed his forces on his right, while he deceived Hood with a heavy demonstration in force on his left. His tactical movements were grand. He maneuvered divisions of cavalry and corps of infantry over rough and hilly ground, soft and miry from the thaw, without once missing his objective. The condition of the ground, fully thawed, delayed the movement of his troops, and was exhausting to his soldiers. This one element was more powerful in resisting and delaying his movements than the force confronting him. It was evident that Thomas with his grand army, fully equipped, could overwhelm Hood, and either capture his army, or drive him out of Tennessee.

At night, Thomas' right rested in the woodland, east from the Hillsboro pike, near the Compton house, extending northeasterly in rear of Dr. Gale's residence, across the spur of hills south of Montgomery's Hill, thence east in front of and beyond Cheatham's line. On his extreme right flank Colonel Coleman, with Ector's small brigade, held his position on Shy's Hill, and prevented the enemy from seizing that range of hills, and the Granny White pike. The movement of Coleman in the afternoon, keeping his brigade beyond the reach of the flanking line, and in holding the wooded approaches to the hill was now seen to be of immense advantage to Hood's army. When the redoubts on the hilltops near the Hillsboro pike were assaulted and carried, Walthall in-



MAJ.-GENERAL E. H. PETTUS.

salient in Sears' line, when Sears withdrew his brigade, taking with him the two guns in the redoubt, one of which was lost in falling back. Loring was compelled to withdraw from his line with the loss of one battery.

This movement of the Sixteenth and Fourth corps turned the left of the army and doubled it back on the centre, uncovering the left of Lee's corps. Stewart's corps, with the exception of Colonel Coleman, commanding Ector's brigade, with the loss of artillery and prisoners, being vigorously pressed by the enemy, was flanked and driven from its position, on the east of the Granny White pike. As the retreating troops crossed the Granny White pike, south of Dr. Gale's residence, going east, they were rallied on Loring's division, which had withdrawn in good order. At this point General Sears lost his right leg from a solid shot fired from Kimball's division. He was carried to a field hospital near by, his leg amputated, and he was captured during the night. Cheatham, with two divisions, was crossing Brown's

structed Coleman to keep his command well to the left, annoy the right flank of the enemy, and, if possible, hold the wooded approaches to the high hill that rises abruptly immediately west from the Granny White pike, which commands the county dirt road, that runs from the Granny White pike, immediately north, and in front, of Judge Lee's residence, to the Franklin pike. When Reynolds was moved from the right to the left, Walthall intended that he should join Coleman, but he encountered the enemy full three hundred yards to the right of Coleman, and was caught in the movement of the flanking column, and driven back across the Granny White pike, in rear of Stevenson's division.

During the night General Hood withdrew his army and moved to a position south of the line he occupied on the morning of the 15th. This line extended from Overton's Hill, west, to Shy's Hill, thence due south on the range of hills, parallel with, and west from, the Granny White pike. Lee was on the right, Stewart in the centre, and Cheatham on the left. Cheatham's right rested on the hill, which Coleman held the previous afternoon. The troops worked all night digging rifle-pits and constructing works. General Stewart, with the early dawn examined the ground in front of his line. Steedman was on the right, east of the Nashville and Decatur Railroad, Wood in front of Lee's corps, Smith in front of Stewart, and Cheatham's right, and Schofield on the right, with Wilson's cavalry on the extreme right. Thomas shelled Hood's line all of the forenoon of the 15th, to develop his line. He moved his cavalry, with Schofield's infantry on his right, intending to turn Hood's left, and throw his flanking columns across his line of retreat on the Granny White and Franklin pikes. The batteries, located near the Bradford house, and on the right of the Sixteenth corps, concentrated a heavy and continuing fire on the hill occupied by Bate's division, the right of Cheatham's corps, which was responded to by Turner's battery, on the crest of Shy's Hill, within the salient. Major Trueheart had two guns, which he succeeded in bringing off the field the previous day, which he put in position, on the eastern slope of the hill, in rear of Walthall's left, and which enabled him to fire obliquely upon any force advancing on Walthall's front.

Wilson's dismounted troops turned Hood's left, appeared on the high range of hills, east from the Granny White pike, in rear of the army, about 11:30 A. M. Coleman was with-

drawn from Cheatham's line, and moved in rear of the army and drove the dismounted cavalry south over the hills.

About one o'clock Wood ordered Post's and Streight's brigades of the Fourth corps, and Steedman ordered the colored brigade, commanded by Colonel Thompson, to assault Overton's Hill. Clayton's division, and Pettus' brigade, of Stevenson's division, received the assaulting brigades with a tremendous fire of grape, cannister and musketry, and repulsed them with heavy loss. The assault was twice renewed along the whole front of Clayton's division, except the extreme right of Stovall's brigade, and in each instance repulsed with great loss.

At 3:15 P. M. Reynold's brigade was withdrawn from Walthall's line, sent to the rear to co-operate with Coleman in checking Wilson's cavalymen, who had gained possession of the hills in rear of the army and east from the Granny White pike. At this hour, the enemy had completely turned the left flank of Hood's army, crossed the Granny White pike, and were in possession of the hills in rear of his army, and held the ridge on that side and the pass through which the pike runs. The line of retreat in the event of disaster to Hood was closed on that pike. This line of dismounted men of the enemy was distinctly visible on the hills in rear, covering much of Stewart's corps, which was the centre of the army.

About this time the force in front of Loring and Walthall moved to the attack of the line held by these divisions, but the assault was without vigor or spirit, and was promptly repulsed without difficulty. McArthur's division assaulted Bate's division on the hill and carried it, capturing Brigadier-Generals Jackson and Smith, and Turner's artillery. The troops in line on the right of Bate held their line for some moments after his division gave way. With the position taken, the enemy moving in front, cheering along his entire line, with a line of the enemy distinct on the hills in rear, and the rugged ground in the direction of the Franklin pike, now the only line of the retreat, the troops in the line realizing their almost hopeless situation, abandoned their line and organizations, and retreated in the wildest disorder and confusion. Many remained in the line and surrendered. In a few minutes the organizations of the corps on the left and centre of the army had wholly disappeared, and the routed army rushed over the range of hills to the Franklin pike, and filled it with a con-

fused and ungovernable mass intent on escaping capture. On the hillside facing east, in rear of the position held by Bate, was Major Trueheart with a section of artillery, all that remained of his battalion, in command of his gunners, cool and deliberate, directing the fire of his guns into the advancing and victorious enemy, until he was surrounded and captured, and his guns turned on the retreating Confederates. Trueheart and his brave gunners, facing the enemy intently serving his guns, his battalion colors flying while surrounded and captured, was the heroic figure on that historic field, so disastrous to Confederate arms.

On the range of hills south of the abandoned lines east from the Granny White pike was General Reynolds with his heroic brigade, intact in its organization, compact and soldierly on its last line, with Wilson's dismounted cavalymen on the spur of hills west of south from them. As they looked down upon their routed comrades, with many of whom they had fought side by side in the great battles of the Army of Tennessee from Shiloh to this fatal field, the spectacle was of a nature to have appalled even more heroic hearts.

But Reynolds, comprehending the magnitude of the disaster and the helpless condition of the surging masses on the open ground at the foot of the hills endeavoring to escape, promptly moved his brigade from the gap in the north face of the hills to their relief, and formed his men in line on the northern face of the hill, about three hundred yards east from the Granny White pike. Colonel Coleman, commanding Ector's brigade, was on a spur of the range of hills east from the pass, through which runs the Granny White pike, being southwest from Reynolds, with the gap between them. A country road runs through this range of the Brentwood hills in a southerly direction to Alford, and thence intersects the Franklin pike. Through the gap by this route Cheatham attempted to retire his force. The enemy with a thin skirmish line pursued the retreating forces, and pressed his advantage with vigor. Reynolds deployed his troops, moved to the relief of the pursued and retreating forces, and checked the further pursuit of the advancing enemy, thus enabling Cheatham to withdraw the greater portion of his corps in safety. Reynolds having successfully accomplished the purpose of his movement, moved his brigade back to the gap, left the First Arkansas regiment in the north end of it, and formed the remainder of his brigade across the

south end of this gap, where he remained in line until Cheatham's corps passed through and until Coleman withdrew his command and moved on the road in the direction of the Franklin pike. Reynolds withdrew his command, covering the retreat with the First Arkansas regiment as rearguard, when, about



MAJ.-GENERAL H. D. CLAYTON.

three quarters of a mile south from the gap, the enemy appeared on a hill on his right, coming around its southern slope to intercept him on this road. The enemy attacked Reynolds' rearguard, when he formed his brigade in line of battle on a hill, drove back the enemy, and saved his rear regiment from capture. The Second Arkansas regiment was put in position and covered Reynolds' rear, while he moved his command a half mile further south and halted to allow ordnance wagons to pass and for his rear regiment to come up; upon its arrival ascertaining that ordnance wagons had been abandoned, he left the Ninth Arkansas regiment to cover his rear, and continued his retreat to Brentwood.

In the early afternoon General Hood ordered three brigades of Cleburne's division, Brigadier-General James A. Smith commanding, from the left to the right, to meet any attempt of the enemy to turn the right flank. General Govan, of this division, had been wounded about noon in

an engagement with the enemy on the range of hills on Cheatham's extreme left. His brigade, commanded by Colonel Green, remained in its position on the left. Smith reported to General Lee about 2 P. M., was put in position, and thereafter was withdrawn by order of General Hood, and started for Brentwood about 3:30 P. M.

When McArthur assaulted and broke Bate's line, which was the right of Cheatham's corps, routing the left and centre, supported by a general forward movement of General Thomas' army, thus uncovering General Lee's left and threatening his rear, his line gradually gave way, and determined the fortune of the day. Lee's troops retired in some disorder, with the loss of sixteen pieces of artillery, but soon rallied, presented a good front, and withdrew on the Franklin pike. Major-General Johnson, commanding Lee's left division, was captured. Stevenson withdrew his division on the Franklin pike, and General Lee instructed him to march with Cummins' brigade to Franklin and halt disorganized retreating troops, and to leave Pettus' brigade at Hollow Tree Gap to assist in bringing up the rear.

General Clayton withdrew Gibson's brigade, then Holtzclaw's and Stovall's, and formed each of these brigades in line of battle across the Franklin pike; the Thirty-ninth Georgia regiment, Cummins' brigade, Stevenson's division being in reserve on Clayton's right was withdrawn and thrown forward to check the enemy's skirmish line, which had reached the top of the hill. This regiment gallantly performed the important duty assigned it.

General Clayton covered the retreat of the army, and, having marched about a half mile, he found the Eufaula light artillery about to move from a position in which it had been halted. General Clayton halted the Thirty-ninth Georgia regiment as a support to this battery, and directed it to commence firing. Clayton sent one of his staff-officers to halt his division, and especially to halt Stovall's brigade and put it in position. The battery, and the regiment supporting it, were immediately withdrawn, and General Clayton rode off to take command of his division. Clayton halted his division and Pettus' brigade, about one mile from the breast-works, and formed in line of battle. Night coming on, Holtzclaw's brigade was thrown across the pike, with skirmishers to the front, and covered the retreat,

and Clayton marched the balance of his command to Hollow Tree Gap and bivouacked. Holtzclaw's rearguard halted at 11 P. M., four miles from Hollow Tree Gap, and remained until 3 A. M. of the 17th, when he moved inside of the Gap and halted in rear of Pettus.

While Reynolds covered the retreat through the Gap and over the Brentwood hills, and Clayton covered the retreat on the Franklin pike, General Wilson directed Hatch's and Knipe's dismounted cavalymen to withdraw from the hills, move on the Granny White pike, and endeavor to reach Franklin in advance of Hood.

General Rucker's brigade of cavalry was in position at the time Hood's army was routed, south of Brentwood Hills, between the Granny White and Franklin pikes. Rucker moved his brigade to the Granny White pike and formed in line of battle across it. Immediately after dark Knipe attacked Rucker's line, and attempted to break through it. In this combat Rucker was severely wounded and captured, though Knipe failed in his attack.

Early on the morning of the 17th the Federal cavalry routed Chalmers and drove him through Hollow Tree Gap. General Clayton checked the pursuit of the Federal cavalry and fell back through Franklin. Clayton's division was relieved as rearguard, by Stevenson's division, which covered the retreat of the army to Spring Hill. General Lee during the day, when south of Franklin with his rearguard, was wounded.

General Hood continued his retreat covered by Cheatham from Spring Hill to Columbia, hotly pursued by Wilson's cavalry, as far as Rutherford's creek, which, being swollen from recent heavy rains, delayed Thomas' pursuit. At Columbia General Hood put Stewart's corps in position in a line of works constructed by Van Dorn, and the whole army crossed Duck River, and continued its retreat, by way of Pulaski, to the Tennessee River.

General Hood had informed Forrest, at Murfreesboro, of the disaster at Nashville, and instructed him with his cavalry and two brigades of infantry to join him at Columbia. Forrest reached Columbia on the afternoon of the 19th, and crossed Duck River. Stewart's corps was withdrawn during the night of the 19th, and crossed Duck River to Columbia, with the loss of his picket line detailed from Reynold's brigade.

D. W. Sanders,

Major, A. A. G. French's Division, Stewart's corps.

SONG OF THE RAID.



On the Cumberland's bosom
The moonbeams are bright,
And the path of the raiders
Is plain by the light;
Across the broad rifle
And up the steep bank,
The long, winding column
Moves rank after rank.

Cho: Then Ho! for the Bluegrass—
And welcome the chance—
No matter the danger
That bids us advance;
The odds must be heavy
To turn or deter
The lads who make war
With the pistol and spur.

We haunt the wild border,
We ever are near,
Giving hope to our friends
And to enemies fear.
We hold idle armies
Here, guarding this soil,
We snatch from swift battle
Its glory and spoil. *Chorus.*

Through the woodland's deep shade,
By the meadow's green side,
Up hill and down valley
We steadily ride;
But hushed now the laughter
And silent the song,
As all night the squadrons
Tramp swiftly along. *Chorus.*

Th' advance guard is marching
Away in the van,
Bold leader the captain,
Tried soldier each man.
No challenge is passed
When a foe they descry,
But the charge comes as fast
As the hail from the sky. *Chorus.*

Cho: Farewell to the Bluegrass,
So sweet in my sight—
To its pastures so green
And its waters so bright;
If it pass to the stranger,
Be lost to the brave,
I'll ask of my birthland
Enough for a grave.

By morn we see Glasgow,
Columbia at noon,
Then march on again
'Neath the smiles of the moon,
And at midnight on Lebanon
Sudden swoop down
To flush the blue-jackets
Who hold the good town. *Chorus.*

Leave Bardstown to westward,
Our right pushes in
The pickets to Danville
With clatter and din;
Through Harrodsburg charging,
Press hotly the chase,
Till Frankfort may witness
The dust of the race. *Chorus.*

Let Louisville listen,
And Lexington wait,
We are lords of the heart
Of the beautiful State.
The best steeds on Elkhorn
We take as our right;
We must fight when we will
We must win when we fight. *Cho.*

We reach merry Georgetown—
There's risk in delay—
But whatever happen
We will tarry one day;
Then down the white pike
Cynthiana shall hear
The rifle's bold music,
The rebel's wild cheer. *Chorus.*

But now we draw bridle,
Our purpose is done;
Our leader commands
And we turn with the sun;
But strong hearts are swelling,
And eyes throb and burn,
For many go southward
Who'll never return.

B. W. D.

LOTOS-EATING.

THE prospect from this hill, which has slipped down the last southerly spur of the great Appalachian chine, like a child from its mother's knee, and bathes its feet in the opal waters of Mobile Bay, is beautiful enough to tempt less weary voyagers than the companions of Ulysses. Shaded by these fine old hackberry and persimmon trees, we see the tangled garden on the terrace below us: its flowers and fruits mingled in the intimate, hap-hazard confusion of tropical luxuriance, despite the discipline of the gardener. The winged pea and the bird-foot trefoil cluster along the borders of the south walk; the jube trees hold out the luscious promise of fruits which are ripening apace; the *porte chapeau*, their near of kin, waves her quaint bonnets in the sun. The dark hem of the forest skirts the garden on the eastern side. From this evergreen fringe a brown-eyed brook leaps out into the open, singing over pebbles and sands; its plant-comrades of the wood still ramble along with it, weaving a vari-colored riband. At the foot of the garden the stream spreads out into a sleepy pool in which great water-lilies sun themselves; then, chattering on through shrubs and grasses, its crystal wine mingles with the salt surf on the beach, its crystal voice is lost in the low baritone of the sea. Along the horizon the cumulus clouds make an amphitheater of violet mountains capped with snow, their bases resting on the gray rim of the distant Gulf. There is not a sail in sight. Here and there a sea-gull lazily hovers on widespread wings. The breeze has sunk to the still yet potent breathing of noontide, in whose fine crucible the thousand scents of flower and leaf are distilled to a faint, subtle, pervading essence. This is the Lotos land.

A land of fertile terraces facing a tropical sea, like Cyrenaica; protected by rocky hills from which river and creek and brook bring down their unfailing waters; with olive, fig, and vine, with orange, lemon, and citron, making another Garden of the Hesperides. Here, too, there lived three hundred years ago a people as gentle and hospitable as the simple Lotophagi who welcomed the wandering Greeks. Here too, native or long naturalized, are all representative plants called *Lotos*, and notably those that have played so prominent a part in the religion, art, and literature of the past.

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The nettle-tree or lote-tree of Europe (*Celtis australis*) is first on the list; for we must conform to the order established by our "most potent, grave, and reverend signiors," the modern scientists, and begin with the plants that stand lowest in the botanical scale. It is a lovely, elm-like tree, common in the Mediterranean countries, whether of Europe, Asia, or Africa. It abounds in the South of Italy, France, and Spain. There is at Aix a celebrated tree under which it is said that the ancient kings of Provence announced their decrees to the people. The *Celtis* adorns the public squares in and around the cities; it is not injured by insects; it retains its leaves until late in the autumn, and then they fall simultaneously, giving little trouble to the gardener. The wood is extremely compact, ranking between the live-oak and box in hardness. The branches are so supple that a stem five feet long and one inch in diameter may be made into a circle without breaking. The wood—resembling satin-wood—is susceptible of a very high polish; it lends itself well to the carver, who transforms it into all shapes from the statue of a saint to a hay-fork or a mackerel-tub. In the Departement du Gard rocky grounds fit for nothing else are devoted to *Celtis* trees, which are thick-set, so as to send up slender stems. In one of these plantations, containing seven acres, five thousand dozen hay-forks are produced yearly, making a revenue of twenty-five thousand francs. In Narbonne and Aude the best soil is chosen for the same purpose; and under the name of *bois de Perpignan* these stems furnish whip-handles for all the coachmen of Europe. They are made also into musical instruments; the flute whose voice floats down to us from the villa on the hill yonder, owes its quality to the fine temper of the lote wood of which it is made. The root is used for dyeing yellow; the bark for tanning; oil is extracted from the stones of the fruit.

The American lote-trees (*Celtis occidentalis Mississippiensis*) are much larger than the old world species; though we have some straggling dwarfish varieties. This grand old tree, whose branched head droops above us like a giant parasol, is eighty feet high and five feet in diameter; for it has all the favoring conditions—a soft climate, alluvial soil, and proximity to running water. The American trees

are called beaverwood, hackberry, sugarberry; they flourish best in the lower Mississippi Valley, in Tennessee and Kentucky. *C. occidentalis* grows as far north as latitude 42°; but in New England it is a small tree, thirty feet in height—lower than the European tree, which averages forty feet. All the species have serrate leaves except the Mississippi celtis; here the leaves are entire, thin, and laurel-like in appearance.

The fruit is the same in all the species of celtis; a solitary, small drupe the size of a wild cherry, its large stone covered by a thin, sweet pulp which is very toothsome and wholesome. The American berry is a fine dark-velvety purple; the European is inky-black, and so sweet it is called honeyberry by the modern Greeks. But though these fruits serve as a tid-bit to the tired forester who may chance to come upon them, they have never been of any practical use to man. They are too small and too few to serve as food for him; and therefore the Mediterranean celtis never could have had high claim to the classical honor assigned it by some writers, who maintain that its berries are the fruit which beguiled the heroes of the Odyssey. And yet they have their lotophagi. The bee, the moth, the butterfly, seek the small, green-white flowers; the birds and pigs, as well as the school-boys, have a tooth for the dainty meat furnished by the ripe berries, which fall early from their high perch in the tree. The humming-bird moth, measuring four inches across her outspread wings, comes here to deposit her single egg on the leaves; the great, beautiful green caterpillar there on the trunk, its body banded with white and dotted with orange spots, is one of her children; it has just made its last meal on the rich pulp of the leaf, and now, with head erect, rests statue-like, so resembling the Egyptian Sphinx that we see at once why the happy fancy of Linnæus gave this name to the genus. It will come down, presently; it will dig its grave in the ground here, cement it with waterproof spun from its own body, and then go to sleep, to await its resurrection as a winged angel in the spring.

The persimmon or date-plum ranks next. Its Greek name, *Diospyros* (pear of the gods), which is still retained in botanical nomenclature, led the earlier botanists to conclude that it was the Homeric fruit; and the specific name *lotus* (the Greek *o* Latinized to *u*) was given to one of the species to declare its identity. It is a beautiful tree, abounding along the shores of

the Caspian Sea, where it attains the height of thirty to forty feet. It has been naturalized for hundreds of years in Italy and Southern France, flowering in July, and ripening its fruit in October. The fruit is a yellow berry, the size of a cherry, with a few bony seeds; it is called Trebison date in Constantinople, lotus-plum or date-plum in the other parts of Europe. The kaki-plum of Japan and China is another species, *Diospyros kaki*. Its berry is as large as an ordinary apple, of a bright red-yellow color, with yellow semi-transparent flesh, resembling that of a plum both in appearance and flavor. The Chinese dry the fruits in the sun, and make them into sweetmeats known as kaki-figs (*figues-caques*). The American tree (*Diospyros Virginiana*) is the handsomest of the species. This one sheltering us now is sixty feet high; its smooth, elliptical, entire leaves five inches long. Its fruits, formed in July, will ripen in October into orange-red globes as large as the common garden plum. They are as sweet and wholesome as those of the lotus-plum, and more valuable because larger and more abundant, one tree often yielding several bushels. We know to how many uses they are put. The negroes and Indians pack them in stone jars for winter use; they ferment them into a beer which, after it acquires age, is better and more appetizing than any malt liquor. In the unripe state the berries are austere and astringent; they are used as a specific in cholera infantum and other intestinal disorders. The bark serves as a febrifuge. The American tree grows as far north as latitude 42°; but dwindles as it recedes from the South, flourishing best in the tropics. It is so abundant in Louisiana that its French name, *Plaquemine*, is given to a town and bayou. Grasses grow freely under all the persimmon trees; for this reason they are desirable on lawns. But they bear better fruit and foliage when sheltered among other trees.

Their timber is always valuable. That of several species supplies the ebony of commerce—a character which gives name (*Ebenaceæ*) to the botanical order to which they belong. The best ebony is obtained from *D. reticulata*, a tree of the Mauritius. Two East Indian species, *D. melanoxylon* and *D. ebenaster*, yield a fine quality. Another, from Ceylon, *D. ebenum*, equally good, was the first known, and suggested the name of the order. It is only the heart-wood that makes ebony; the sap-wood is soft, white, and nearly useless.

Another Cingalese species, *D. quærita*, furnishes the beautiful Calamander wood, which native artisans work up into the finest kinds of ornamental furniture. Cut in tangential section—across the medullary rays—it exhibits black waves and blotches gracefully dispersed on a fawn-colored ground. It is as dense and durable as the Mauritius ebony, and takes the same exquisite polish.

The bird-foot trefoil, *Lotus corniculatus*, comes next in place. It has kept its generic name, lotus, from the time of Homer, who mentions it elegantly as a forage plant in both Iliad and Odyssey. In the Iliad, Book II, v. 775, the war-horses of the moody Achilles, unyoked from their chariot,

Browse on the lots sweet, and the parsley grown
in the marsh-lands.

In the Odyssey, Book IV, v. 602, Telemachus addresses Menelaus as

Lord of the level plain, abounding in juicy lots,
Cypress and rye and wheat and barley white wide-
spreading

This lotos-pea is found in all temperate regions of the old world, but especially in Asia Minor and the European coast of the Mediterranean. It has long been naturalized in England, and is a conspicuous object in British meadows, with its decumbent stems six to twelve inches long, its trifoliate leaves and leaf-like stipules, and its heads of eight to ten yellow, honey-scented flowers. The winged-pea also belongs to this genus. Its high-sounding, specific name, *tetragonolobus*, expresses the character of the four-winged pod, from which it gets its English name. It is a native of Spain and Sicily; one species with blue flowers is called Spanish gorze. Valuable as these plants are, however, both for forage and ornament, they have no claim to consideration as having supplied the fruit of the Lotophagi. And yet their lotos-eaters make a numerous and varied company. Cattle of all kinds eagerly devour the sweet herbage. The bee, the butterfly, moth, and humming-bird vie with one another in paying court to these meadow queens who, like their kindred the clovers, spread so dainty and delicate a table. The honey of Greece and of the South of France is the finest in the world. Its excellence comes from the almost numberless variety of honey-bearing flowers, among which the lotus-peas stand pre-eminent. The bee-keepers in these countries, as we know, transport their hives from place to place—often in

barges—as the flower season advances, a custom which has prevailed in Egypt, Persia, and Asia Minor from the most remote historic times.

But the nettle, the ebony, the pea, illustrious as their orders are, with their useful and ornamental suborders and tribes, must give place to the homely buckthorn, in whose family we find the Homeric lotos, called by botanists *zizyphus*, and known to us humbler folk as the jujube. All historians are agreed that the land of the Lotophagi, mentioned in the ninth book of the Odyssey, was the ancient Cyrenaica, which comprised the tract of country beginning with modern Barca and extending along the north coast of Africa as far as Tunis. The island now called Terba, off the coast of Tripoli, is the ancient Meninx, which was still called *Lotophagitis* in the time of Ptolemy Soter. The mainland, which lies between 28° and 34° north latitude, is protected from the hot African deserts by mountain ranges on the south, and tempered winter and summer by the Mediterranean Sea, which stretches before it on the north. It is literally an earthly paradise. The coast, varying from ten to eighty miles in width as the mountains approach or recede from the sea, slopes down in successive terraces to the Mediterranean. These terraces, animated by mountain torrents, still produce not only the wine, oil, and honey, the melons and dates, the fig, olive, pistachio, and carrot, with the unrivalled orchard fruits, which made Cyrenaica so celebrated, but also the corn, which made it once the granary of Rome. Pliny tells us that a single wheat plant sent to Augustus Cæsar from Tunis had four hundred ears. Sir G. Temple, in our own century, writes: "While halting in a field of young barley to feed our horses, I counted on one plant ninety-seven heads." The horses and cattle were, and still are, the finest in the world. The castor-oil plant is here a perennial and magnificent tree. The orange, lemon, and citron are unsurpassed; for, though native to India, they have been naturalized here from the earliest dawn of Greek fable; here was the garden of the Hesperides.

The lotos-jujube grows here as luxuriantly as it did in Homer's time, more than three thousand years ago; the wild species especially to which the specific name *lotus* has been given by modern botanists, and which is regarded as the lineal heir and representative of the Homeric plant; the generic name *zizyphus* is from *zizouf*, the common Arabic name of the fruit. It is

most abundant in Tunis, and on the neighboring island Terba, already mentioned, sometimes written Jerbah, and lying in the Gulf of Gabes, which corresponds to the ancient *Syrtis Minor*. But the jujube flourishes throughout the coast and in such profusion that the gulf which washes the shores of Barca, and which is the *Syrtis Major* of the ancients, is now called Sidra (seedra), the modern Arabic name for the plant. It still supplies food for the natives, as it did in the time of Ulysses. It is a small shrub, resembling the buckthorns in foliage and habit. It produces its small axillary flowers singly or in pairs along the branches. The fruit is about the size of the sloe; it is dark purple, round, berry-like, containing a stone with one, two, or three cells, each cell with a single flattened seed. The farinaceous flesh has the combined flavor of the fig and date, but it is more luscious and delicate. It is separated from the stone and packed for winter use, as persimmons are prepared in the Southern States. In some parts of Africa the pulp is sun-dried, pounded, then mixed with water, made into cakes, and again sun-dried; the cakes in color and flavor resemble the best gingerbread. The stones are soaked in water, from which is prepared the pleasant drink called *fondi*; this, with the cakes, is the ordinary breakfast of the people during the short winter months. There are several cultivated species; the common jujube (*Z. vulgaris*) is the best known in Southern gardens. It is a beautiful tree, twenty to thirty feet high; its serrate leaves more pointed than the leaves of the lotus-jujube. Its fruit resembles the olive in both size and shape, and has a mild, vinous taste. It is red when fully ripe. The flesh is firm and succulent, and, when dried, is the paste so well known and so valuable in pharmacy. Tiffs and several other species grow in Syria and Southern Asia. The common jujube has long been naturalized on the European coast of the Mediterranean. Pliny says this tree and the Pride of India or China tree (*Melia azedarach*) were imported into Italy "from Africa and Syria in the reign of Augustus, and planted on the ramparts of Rome, where they made a fine appearance with their heads rising above the houses." Another species, *Z. jujuba*, belonging to India, has had its common name also brought into scientific nomenclature.

But none of the species produce fruits as delicious as the lotos of the Lotophagi. Indeed, no land yet discovered, either by adventurers or

by shipwrecked travelers, exhibits the alluring features of this delightful region. The ancient inhabitants are called African by Herodotus—a term by which he carefully separates them from the Egyptians. Strabo describes them as Arabs leading a roving, pastoral life, as they do to-day. Never having been intruded upon by the savage European tribes, nor discovered by the remoter Greeks and Phœnicians, they had had no occasion to be wary when Ulysses was cast upon their coast; and, like the gentle Indians of the American tropics, they welcomed the stranger, and set their best fare before him.

The barbaric simplicity of Homer is nowhere more finely illustrated than in this ninth book of the Odyssey. Ulysses, relating his adventures to the king, Alcinous, tells how, after leaving Troy to return to Ithaca, the wind bore him and his companions to the coast of the Ciconians in Thrace, where he laid waste the city, destroyed the men, and distributed their wives and other possessions among his followers. He makes no further mention of the women-chattels, but devotes several eloquent lines of lament to his

Six well-greaved companions, out of each ship, that perished.

Then, setting off again, he attempted to double Cape Malea (now St. Marie), on the Southern Peloponnesus, but his vessels were thrust

Farther and farther away by the billow, the stream, and the north wind.

Thus driven for nine days "over the fishy sea," on the tenth they came upon the land of the Lotophagi. He then continues:

When we had tasted of meat and of drink, I sent of my comrades
Two, with a herald as third, to go in company with them,
And ask what people were these that ate their food on the mainland.
They going forth at once, soon came to the lotos-eaters:
Who plotted no evil against them, but gave them to taste of the lotos.
Tasting, they found it so sweet, they wished to return no longer,
But chose to remain away, and eat with the lotos-eaters.
Back to the hollow ships I forced them, sore lamenting,
And dragging them forward bound them under the wooden benches.
Then did I pray the rest of my dear and tried companions
To hasten back to the ships and spread all sail for the ocean,

Lest, chancing to taste this fruit, they too should forget their country.
Coming once more to the ships, each took his place on the benches,
And sitting in order they smote the hoary sea with their oar-blades.

Homer chants this story with such virile, bardic freshness that we sympathize with the savage Ulysses even when he drags the three back by force and chains them under the thwarts. But the more metaphysical English poet of our own time, taking the few words in which Ulysses tells us that he *dragged them, sore lamenting*, has shown an equal genius in setting forth the spirit of these despairing Greeks; who, after their ten years' fight before Troy, and these cruel wanderings farther and farther from home, were glad to rest with "the mild-eyed melancholy lotos-eaters:"

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.

Let us alone. What is it that will last?

All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.

Let us alone. . . .

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives,
And their warm tears; but all hath suffered change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold;
Our sons inherit us; our looks are strange;
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.

Another jube (*Z. spina-christi*) is regarded by some authorities as the tree whose spiny twigs made our Savior's crown of thorns. The porte-chapeau, there by the hedge, is called Christ's-thorn for the same reason. It belongs to the same order, but is of a different genus, *Pativrus aculeatus*. Its fruit, too, is different from that of the jube; it has a broad flat disk, spreading like a crown and half-adherent to the ovary, making it look like a head covered by a sombrero; hence the French name, *hat-bearer*.

The water-lilies are higher, not only in the botanical scale but in the ethnological importance. In the lakelet yonder, which the gardener has transformed into a miniature of the famed pools of Guzerat, the sacred lotos-lilies of Egypt and India grow side by side with their American sisterhood. *Nymphaea lotos*, the Nile water-lily, is like the common white water-lilies (*Nymphaea alba* of the old world, *Nymphaea odorata* of North America). The leaves, however, are more heart-shaped, with serrated margins; they rise too with the flowers above the water. The blue lotos, *N. cerulea*, is common to both Egypt and India. In all the species the flowers collapse their petals at

night, and sink to the surface or under the water, emerging and opening again in the morning. The fruit is the same in all the species; a syncarpous ovary with many cells, imbedded in the torus and crowned by a shield-shaped stigma depressed in the center, with many diverging rays. When ripe, the large berry-like pod sinks to the bottom of the pool or stream and gradually decays, thus liberating the seeds which sprout and take root *in situ*. The seed is filled with a starchy perisperm like that of the small grains which give us flour. The embryo is quite minute. The seeds are made into flour in both Egypt and India. The thick creeping root-stock is farinaceous also, and makes a good arrow-root.

The great *Victoria regia* of South America belongs to the *nymphaea* division of water-lilies. Its leaves often measure twelve feet in diameter; they are flat, circular in outline, and would be centrally peltate but for a deep slit on one side which extends to the leaf-stalk. The margin is uniformly turned up two or three inches; so that each leaf looks like a green boat with an emerald bulwark. The leaf is strong enough to bear the weight of a child twelve years old, provided a board be placed across it to prevent it from being torn. Its flowers are the most magnificent in the world; fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter with white petals shading to pink and crimson in the center, and with a delicious fragrance. It was discovered in 1801 by the botanist Hænke and Father La Cuera a Spanish missionary, who were in a pirogue on the Rio Mamore, a tributary of the Amazon. These lilies grow profusely in the marshes beside the stream; and Hænke, upon seeing them for the first time, fell on his knees in adoration and thanksgiving to God for giving the world such a flower. The *Victoria* seeds furnish a flour finer than that from the finest wheat. The roots also are farinaceous. The Spanish-Americans call the plant *Mays de l'agua*—water-maize.

The *nymphaea lotos* figures in Assyrian as well as Egyptian and East Indian ornament. Layard, in his excavations at Nineveh, discovered a sculptured pavement elegantly colored, with conventionalized forms of *nymphaea* and pine-apple; it is illustrated in Owen Jones' Grammar of Ornament. The same book has a fine column from a temple in the Oasis of Thebes; the shaft represents six bundles of flower-stalks, each bundle containing three stalks, indicated by three vertical lines; the

capital consists of eight flowers of the blue lotos, in two rows or circles, four in each row. Another illustration represents a very rich painting on the ceiling of a tomb—a common decoration. In this we find the origin of the volute, in the uncoiling of the rope by which the lotos flower is bordered. In other tombs are representations of the fret (so long considered distinctively Greek, with the volute); it is combined with floriations which may be the lotos flower or the lotos stigma. The fret and volute, however, as we know to-day, are the first attempts at art, and are found in some form of combination among the most barbarous and widely separated tribes. The fret is but an expression of the plaiting or weaving of coarse fabric; the volute is the uncoiling of a stem or of a rope.

Though the architecture of Egypt is the oldest of which we have any remains, it presents this curious feature: that whereas in all other countries the progress has been from rudeness to perfection, in Egypt "the more ancient the monument the more perfect the art." Buildings erected 2000 B. C. are made from the ruins of those still older, pointing back to a period prehistoric to us, and so remote we can not fix its origin; yet they include all the principles upon which modern architecture and decorative ornament are based. Greek, Roman, and Byzantine art, with their offshoots, the Arabic and Gothic, can be traced to this great mother. And since Egyptian art is monotypic, archeologists are agreed that it must have arisen with civilization in Central Africa—a fact declared by sculptures and paintings on its monuments—and that "it has passed through countless ages, declining to the state in which we find it." The nymphææ, blue and white, are displayed on all the more modern Egyptian monuments; even these, however, long antedate the civilizations of Greece and Rome. Flowers of the Nile lotos (white) have been found in mummy-cases recently opened, withered, but as well preserved as if they had been culled three years ago instead of three thousand. The lotos was held sacred by the Egyptians, along with the papyrus. The lotos typified organic life and food for the body; the papyrus typified food for the mind, its stalks being converted into paper upon which their sacred books were written. The papyrus column with capital of the sedge-like papyrus flowers, is quite common; but the lotos was more highly revered; it was represented every where, even on their oar-blades. It was a conspicuous

emblem of the sun. Maurice thus apostrophizes it:

Within thy fair corolla's full-grown bell,
Long since th' immortals fixed their fond abode;
There day's bright source, Osiris, loved to dwell,
While by his side, enamored, Isis glowed.

The sacred lotos of India (*Nelumbium speciosum*) stands at the head of this floral court, not only in those characters which define the botanical status, but also in its influence in religion, literature, and art. This section of the water-lily family is represented in America by the *youquapene* or water-chinquapin (*Nelumbium luteum*). There is but one genus with the two species just named. The *youquapene* belongs to the lower Mississippi Valley; but it has been introduced—probably by the Indians—into sheltered situations farther north, such as Great Sodus Bay, Lake Ontario; the Connecticut River, near Lyme; Woodstown, Sussex County, New Jersey; the Delaware River, below Philadelphia. It is found always in slow-moving, sweet waters, ditches, and boggy pools near streams. The leaves in both species are centrally peltate; often hollowed like great green bowls, frequently two feet in diameter; sometimes shallow like an Italian tazza; sometimes flat or salver-shaped; these variations are found on the same plant. The leaves have large ribs or nerves radiating from the center and elegantly interlaced with netted veins. They are clothed on the upper surface with a glaucous bloom composed of microscopic down which prevents them from being wetted when water is poured in or upon them; the water rolls off in drops like beads of silver, producing a fine effect. The thoughtful Hindoo learns a lesson from this; it teaches him that "the good man, though he may be immersed in the waters of temptation, shakes them off like the lotos leaf, or rises above them." The young leaves are usually flat; as they grow, they deepen into bowls or basins. The fine velvety down of the leaf is arrested at a circular spot in the center; this spot is of a lighter color than the rest of the leaf, and looks like a jewel; it contains the stomata which as we know are the organs of respiration. The leaves are used for plates and dishes at table; they serve for one meal, and are then put aside by the cleanly Hindoo.

The flowers in both species are larger than those of the nymphææ, being often ten inches in diameter. Our American lotos is yellow, with greenish tints on the outer petals. The Indian lotos is a lovely red; except in

color it is like our own. The fruit is the same in both; it consists of a large torus resembling the perforated rose of a watering-pot, and contains many ovaries separately imbedded in its top. Each ovary ripens into a nut about the size of an acorn, containing a single seed without perisperm, but with two large farinaceous cotyledons which have the flavor of almonds. Here we see the development which was understood by these nature-loving Aryans thousands of years before our modern botanists suspected its meaning. In the grains the lilies, even in the nymphæa, the embryo is small, and the perisperm is the chief part of the seed. But in the nelumbium the embryo grows and develops so rapidly that it soon obliterates the embryo-sac, appropriates the perisperm also, and completely fills the seed. Its two large cotyledons deserve their botanical name, derived from the Greek *kotule*; they are literally cups, or we might better say cradles, hollowed to fit the baby-plumule. This, which in the nymphæa is a mere point, is here so largely developed that it has two green leaves with a leaf-bud between them, ready to unfold as soon as released from the nut. The top-shaped fruit, retaining these nuts each in its own proper cavity, separates from the flower-stalk at maturity, and often floats to some distance. Meanwhile each swelling embryo bursts its shell and pushes its way out, still feeding on the fleshy matrice of the torus. Then, when a suitable spot is reached—some barrier of the tenacious mud in which it delights—it is already a plant with root, stem, and leaves, prepared to take its place in the world and in its turn to become a maiden, a bride, a mother. This high development makes the nelumbium almost viviparous; raising it among plants to the rank of the mammals among animals.

The problem of creation, especially of organic life, being the one which has occupied the Hindoo mind more than any other, it is not strange that the nelumbium should have figured conspicuously in the Hindoo religion. It is a well-known fact that water-plants keep the characters of original types more closely than land-plants. The nelumbium then must be regarded as the last lineal descendant of some ancestral mother whose features could not have been materially different. It is the most highly differentiated flower yet discovered; all its parts are distinct and free, even including the ovaries, and these are one-celled and one-seeded. The seed is without perisperm; the embryo completely fills it and is a plant full-

fledged while still in the seed. Self-renewing as it seems to be, to the Brahmin it typifies creation and fecundity. The ovaries and stamens represent the dual principle of parentage; the torus is the mystical mountain Meru, the Hindoo Olympus.

Vishnu, the second person of the Hindoo trinity, is represented resting at the bottom of a sea of milk (chaos) on the folds of the serpent Leesha (eternity), whose thousand heads droop like a canopy above him. Underneath Vishnu is a couch bordered with lotos petals. His wife, Lackshuri, attends him; she sits shampooing his feet. Around him in the sea fishes are sporting, and lotos buds are rising to the surface. From his navel springs a full-blown lotos flower, lifted on its long stalk to the surface of the sea. There, from its great top-shaped gynœcium, Brahma, the creator, is produced; he is seated in the center of the flower; he is four-faced and four-handed. In one hand he holds the spoon used for pouring "the lustrous waters" of purification; in each of the remaining three he holds a copy of the Vedas.

The lotos, called *kamal*, is the Hindoo emblem of feminine beauty as well as fecundity; consecrated alike to virginal and spousal chastity. The goddesses who wait on Vishnu bear it in their hands; they are called *kamala*, lotos-bearers. It is also an attribute of the gods, and then usually called *pedma*. Vishnu is often represented four-handed; the lotos, emblem of creation, in one hand; the quoit or disk, emblem of sovereignty, in another; in the third the mace, emblem of punishment; in the fourth the conch-shell, blown in battle. In his beautiful hymn entitled *Narayana*—the Spirit of God resting on the waters—Sir W. Jones thus apostrophizes the flower:

Hail primal blossom, Hail empyreal gem!
Kamal or Pedma, or whate'er high name
Delight thee; say, what four-formed Godhead came
Forth from thy verdant stem? Full-gifted Brahma.

The nelumbium lotos is conventionalized in a thousand ways in Indian art. It decks the stool on which the laughing Crishna, the Hindoo Cupid, dances with a serpent in his arms; its petals make the aureole around Vishnu's head. It is still held sacred, not only in India, but in Thibet, China, and Japan, where it is prominent in religious services. Though called the Indian lotos, it is indigenous in these countries also; as in Persia, the Malay and Phillipine islands, Australia and in the Caspian Sea. Though no longer found in Egypt,

it was once native, or at any rate naturalized there. Sculptured figures of it are abundant among the ruins of the older temples, and many like evidences exist to show that this was the original plant devoted to Isis and Osiris, and that, when lost to the country in after ages, it was replaced in the Egyptian cultus by the nymphæa or Nile lotos. Herodotus, born 484 B. C., traveled in Egypt and described the nelumbium very accurately. It then grew abundantly in the Nile, with the nymphæa. He compares its fruit to a wasp's nest in appearance; the fruit of the nymphæa he compares to a poppy-head, resemblances equally obvious in our own time. The nelumbium still existed in Egypt in the first Christian century; it was described by Dioscorides, who was the undisputed author in botany from that time until the advent of Linnæus.

The fruits and root-stocks of both nymphæa and nelumbium have been food for many a race of lotos-eaters. Wherever they grow they are staple articles of nutriment for man except in North America; and even here every boy that goes shooting about the lagoons of Mississippi knows the delicious nuts which he seeks as eagerly as our antipodal cousin, the dark-skinned Hindoo lad. Waterfowl of all kinds forage for them; the wild ducks of the Mississippi Valley owe the delicacy of their flesh to this dainty food. It is said that the common aboriginal name, *Youquapene*, means duck-nut.

The noon is past; this is the siesta hour. Let us go in. It was one of our conceits, in renewing this dear old home, to furnish some of the apartments in native woods, carved or inlaid with homogeneous devices—the oak with oak-leaves and acorns, the cherry with its own clustered fruits, the pine with its cones. In my study, which we call The Lotos, all the cabinet work is of wood supplied by the trees we have discussed during this quiet noon-tide talk together. The floor is of dark brown persimmon wood, with an inlaid border of pale yellow hackberry. The wainscot, doors, and book-cases are of persimmon, with hackberry panels. The pale lavender wall is brightened at its upper line by a frescoed frieze of bird's-foot trefoil in trailing sprays of yellow flowers

and green leaves. Just above the wainscot, which is two feet high, the narrow dado, making a wall-band a foot wide, mimics the blue pool yonder with its water-lilies in their native colors, leaving space enough between dado and frieze for such pictures and trifles as we may choose to hang on the wall. The writing-desk is the most costly thing in the room, and the only foreign thing. It is of ebony, inlaid with calamander wood; a gift from one who loves us, and whose home is in India. The bentwood chairs are of supple-jack, which, as we know, is a buckthorn and first cousin to the jujube. The expense in our work has been slight; time was the chief outlay, and we find this homely work of loving hands—wood-carving, frescoing, inlaying—far more precious than the finest craft of alien artists. The prettiest of the furnishings, to my taste, is the least expensive—the portiere before the door opening on the veranda. It is of coarse ceru-colored linen cloth, ornamented across the top and bottom with a broad sky-blue riband, embroidered in lotos-lilies, and suspended from a persimmon rod, finished at the ends with knobs of the lotos-lily fruit.

Rest in this old chair. Its cushions alone are new; the hackberry "splints" of its back and bottom were woven long ago. Was it before the flood? By dusky hands that lie at their master's feet in the family burying-ground yonder; that wilderness of loveliness, its lanes and flowers caressing, glorifying the graves where four generations are asleep!

How beautiful the bay looks from this open door! The "Sea of Milk," and "the primal blossom"—they still rehearse the old unanswerable story of birth and death; Brahma the Creator, Siva the Destroyer; succeeding each other in tremendous kalpas incomprehensible, both in duration and number; yet Vishnu the Preserver keeping all thing in eternal harmony.

Rest and dream; while the low surf chants its litany; and the sea wind, an unseen theorizer, swings from his invisible censer the incense of the sacred lotos flowers.

"Let us alone. What is it that will last?

All things are taken from us, and become

Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.

Let us alone."

Annie Chambers-Ketchum.

FROM MY WINDOW.

I.

The day is dying: 'cross a sky of gold
Strong apple boughs stretch forth and with deft fingers
Draw shifting traceries of green,
While in the blue of heaven is seen
The soft pink face of some small cloud that lingers,
Flushed with a pleasure holy and serene.

The birds are drowsy: from their myriad nests
Come tender sounds of sleepy happiness;
A-through the lazy nodding trees
A cricket's chirp comes on the breeze;
And as the fading light grows less and less,
The fire-fly swings his lamp upon the leas.

II.

The bright-hued day is fled: a cold gray band
Shows, etched upon its face of tarnished steel,
One lone and loveless tree, whose form,
Left bare and helpless by life's storm,
Stands forth in wistful, piteous appeal
For leaves and nests, for vital sap and warm.

The dews are falling: long damp shadows crawl
Before the vestal moon, who up the steep
Of heaven throws wavering rays of white
From that lone lamp of hers, whose light,
Looked for by eyes that smile, by hearts that weep,
Shines forth to prove her vigil to the night.

III.

Fallen on the tired earth,
The night lies in a dream of peace;
Hush thee! longing, lonely tree,
Take of happiness a lease.

Hush thee! happy rustling bough,
Hush thee! bird within your nest;
The fair night loves thee both I trow,
Gives to both her very best.

Hush thee! throbbing human heart,
Aching, by gaunt grief opprest;
Hush thee! filled with sweet content,
Night comes, close thy casement—rest.

E. E.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

HISTORY is not hero-worship. One generation rejects the great men of the preceding age, not so much because the judgment of contemporaries has been reversed as that, because of wider information, the estimate of contemporaries has been revised.

The points of view change, and the man is judged, not by his personal admirers and intimate friends, but by a public freed from transient influences; it has become unbiased, well informed, clear minded, consistent. To this test of greatness must all men be subjected. Friends may for a while cover their faults as with a garment, but time reveals many new facts and brings to light unknown influences, directs the mind into new channels, and separates what is temporary from what is permanent.

For our war heroes this process of revision has already begun; and if it has not yet destroyed the reputation of men temporarily great, it has at least altered the grounds of our judgment, deprived the leaders of fictitious support, dissipated much misleading passion, and enabled us to realize that it is not necessary to a man's enduring fame that his friends should themselves, believe, or to others maintain the belief, that he was immaculate, immutable, irrefragable, at all times self-poised, self-controlled, and of faultless judgment and unflinching moral courage. It is only "when half gods go the gods arrive."

The heroes of the recent conflict, like heroes of all others, were men subject to the same frailties as those about us. They were often in error, often allowed passion to warp their judgment, were at critical moments unequal to the demands of the occasion, blundered when blunders were most costly, lacked the foresight which makes the future as plain to the eye of genius as the past, and illustrated the failures as well as the achievements of mankind.

In the minds of many there still lingers the idea that criticism is a reflection, and that a failure to give unstinted praise indicates narrowness and prejudice; that to admit the hero's faults is to destroy his reputation. This spirit is manifest in many ways, but it is irreconcilable with the truth. We have to know as well the weakness as the strength of our leaders' past and present. We need to understand the source of their greatness. We need to guide ourselves by their shortcomings, as well as by their successes. The names, so dear to many, must stand the test of open, frank, and fair discussion. What is real about them, what is genuine, will endure. What is fictitious or what is superficial must give way. We must learn to treat the leaders of the past in a manner at once judicial and sympathetic.

The belief that to question the claims of the enthusiastic advocates is to alter the estimate of mankind is misleading. A true man is as great, as much honored and admired when his shortcomings are clearly set forth as when he is presented in matchless perfection by some enthusiastic biographer.

It is treason to no cause to show how those who upheld it failed, at times, of a proper conception of the duties they had assumed, or that they were unable at certain periods to meet the demands of the time.

The only history that is of any value is that which

will stand the most rigid examination, which has nothing to fear from the revelations to be made when the private journals and official papers yet unknown are given to the public.

We are not writing the history of the past; we are simply arranging the materials in some order for the historians in the future. We can not write it if we would, for each generation will have for itself its own opinion of the deeds of the past. What they wish to know, what they have a right to know, what we ought not to hesitate a moment to give them, are the facts concerning the deeds and the doers. The secret counsels of the camp, the unwritten records of war conferences, the sealed orders to departing ministers, all these must come to light.

Really great men do not hesitate to avow their responsibilities, even of errors which prove disastrous. General Lee, on the field at Gettysburg, as he stood watching the returning remnants of Pickett's brigade after its heroic and deadly charge, said, "The mistake was mine."

There is much yet to be told concerning the civil conflict. Men's judgment of others is gradually conforming to a wider information and to a sounder critical attitude. That in some cases this is unpleasant to the personal friends of the heroes of history is true. But this is of no consequence. History will not be permitted to suffer because of personal feelings. The unsound reputation of no man can be maintained through many generations; it must give way to a better standard of judgment, and the sooner these changes are made the less disastrous the consequences.

We need to recognize the truth of all this and to act upon it. The leaders are to be judged, not by ourselves alone, in sympathy with what they did, but by the world at large and upon their personal merits and other surroundings. They may not suffer from this, but it is not just the fame the advocates expect. The truth in spite of all concealments will be written:

"My will fulfilled shall be:

For, in daylight or in dark.

My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark."

THE difference in the tone and staple matters of political discussion, as respectively conducted by the English and American newspapers, and the public men of the two countries, is very noticeable. Nor is the contrast less marked between parliamentary and congressional business and debate. Leaving national prejudice and *amour propre* aside, there are few attentive readers of the current political literature of both peoples, who will not concede that the English methods in these respects are the best. It can not be denied that their statesmen are occupied with higher and more important duties, and devote themselves to the examination of questions worthy the attention of legislators and officials charged with the transaction of governmental affairs; nor is it less true that in their journalistic, as well as official circles, the topics which are given precedence are of greater moment and dignity.

Parties in England have long been accustomed to divide upon measures of immediate practical importance; and, widely divergent as may be the views and tenets entertained theoretically by politicians about the most desirable form of government, opinions in that regard have little effect on party action. That which we have known, and so much regarded in this country, as constitutional construction in determining party issues and organization is practically unknown in England, and the alignment is made almost if not entirely upon the exigencies of the day, and the policies so suggested. Now, heretical as it may sound in many American ears, we think this, very largely at least, a fortunate political condition. Constitutional questions must sometimes arise in the history of a country, and they must, of course, be settled in some way—if possible, in the soundest and wisest way. Interpretation of constitutional provisions and principles—written or unwritten—is very necessary at certain critical historical periods. But to be ever engaged in the work—to devote the whole time which every generation can give political study or business to such lucubration—argues very slight progress in the art of government; and the people who confine themselves to it will make little more advancement in political science, and the benefits it is expected to provide, than the experts in the scholastic subtleties of the middle ages made in the acquisition of real knowledge. The people, therefore, who have gotten beyond that period, and—presumably understanding their organic law—can afford to deal purely with questions of expediency, are, in the language of the street, “well fixed.”

Quite recently there have been changes in party rule and governmental administration in both countries. The English political leaders are concerned solely with the foreign or internal policy of the kingdom, and the measures which such considerations dictate. Every thought and energy of the American politicians is directed to office filling. The President has nothing to do, and is expected to do nothing else than weigh the claims and merits of aspirants for consulates and post-offices, and Democratic Senators and Congressmen are entirely occupied in presenting and pressing the applications. The Republican gentry being out, but anxious to get in at the next turn of the political wheel, stand hard by, with tongues filed and pens nibbed, intent to herald any mistake that may be made in the dispensation of patronage.

A well-devised system of civil service, which has been sufficiently long in operation to work smoothly, has, of course, much to do with the absence in England of the spectacle we are now witnessing in America. The fact that we have universal suffrage here also intensifies the struggle for the spoils, and renders it more difficult to lift political effort and purpose above the sordid plane where we see the leader and the bumper on a level.

But independently of these factors a reason for the difference we have sought to indicate is to be found in the national experience of Great Britain, and that of the United States. We are about to see a very different state of things here. The intellectual and moral conditions which precede and induce such revolutions are already at work. It must be apparent to the most careless observer of such matters, that a decided change is being wrought in what may be termed the public thought of this country; that is to say, in the character of the social and political

topics and questions which attract and hold the attention of the people. Subjects which once exclusively engaged the popular mind are now regarded with an indifference which is simply shocking to the old inhabitant and the Bourbon politician: and while there remain some antiquarians and oracles in obsolete political literature who are willing to debate them, their auditors are neither numerous nor patient. There was a time when stump-speakers and writers of political articles could satisfy audiences and excite popular interest merely by a discussion of “the vital fundamental principles of our Government.” It wasn’t at all necessary that they should make any application of them to living issues—theoretical treatment was quite sufficient. That day has passed. It has a sacrilegious sound—it seems almost to verge upon impiety—but it must be declared that with ninety-nine Americans out of every hundred a “vital fundamental principle,” like every thing else in this age, is valued only in so far as it can be utilized.

We hasten to protest that we must not be misunderstood about the “principles.” They can not be held, all ought to insist, in too great reverence, and we trust they will always be mentioned in our presence with the respect which is just and proper. “A frequent recurrence to first principles”—we believe this is the accepted phrase—is doubtless quite salutary; yet it may not be so absolutely essential to read “frequent” as meaning “perpetual,” as some zealous exhorters upon the text are much inclined to do. It is just as well, too, that the “recurrence” be in the closet, and not on the rostrum or too conspicuously in print. The mind of the thinker may be imbued with an understanding of the “first principles,” and he may be aided thereby in the solution of problems pressing for immediate and practical interpretation, or guarded against dangerous errors. But he had better let such influence be tacit, and, when dealing with modern instances, be content to permit the experience of the past to simply enlighten his intellect and not take entire and uncontrolled possession of his speech. Every man, now-a-days, is supposed to have read something—even of the history of his country and the nature of its government—and to have done a certain amount of thinking for himself.

Allusion, and not copious, insistent explanation, therefore, is all that the peculiar champions of the first principles have any right to demand for them, and is certainly all that will be conceded.

The multitudinous population of Yankeeeland will heave a great sigh of relief when that which is now tacitly understood shall be distinctly announced, viz., that didactic dissertations upon the *Palladia*—and especially upon that abstract liberty which is never by any chance considered in connection with the concrete comfort of society, and which it is derogatory to regard as being in any wise or under any circumstances subject to police regulation—shall be hushed forever, or suffered, at the least, only upon the Fourth of July. We have arrived very nearly, if not quite, at the period of National puberty, and we are rapidly learning the discretion and good sense of manhood. We will perhaps hear very little more in public discussion about “State rights,” and yet we will not be without a certain consolation even in that bereavement. We may confidently hope that hereafter not so much will be said in harangues to petit juries about the “rights of the citizen” who has had

a misunderstanding with the grand jury, and more thought will be given the lives, limbs, and property of other citizens who have not fallen out with the law. In short, we are likely to have more reason and not so much rant; in politics more regard will be paid to essentials, and sentimental issues will, at least, be secondary; and in the ordinary administration of State and municipal government, the general safety and well-being of the community will receive a larger share of consideration, and the peculiar privileges and technical rights of those fervid and irrepressible natures which can not wear the legal harness but will kick out of the traces, will be less tenderly looked after.

The last generation received warm and fresh from the hands of the "revolutionary sires," the "liberties" which were naturally prized and applauded in proportion to the difficulty of their attainment. But while we appreciate these blessings, it is to be hoped, in a degree scarcely if any less than our fathers did, we do not feel the necessity of talking so much about them. We feel quite sure that they are safe—that no one is going to deprive us of them. The danger is of another kind altogether. No purple-clad despot is going to interfere with the humblest citizen of this great republic in his "pursuit of happiness" or in the enjoyment of any of his inalienable civic privileges. But quite a large number of citizens find happiness, and pursue it with great ardor, in making the lives of other people exceedingly uncomfortable. It is this enterprising part of our population, who most loudly and feelingly invoke the constitutional sanctions, and rely on that protection which began with *Magna Charta*, and was completed by the bill of rights. A

quiet man who never breaks a law or offends a neighbor is singularly reticent on such subjects; but the gentleman who totes a pistol and shoots on fancied provocation, or who does not hesitate to permit himself the luxury of committing any other common law or statutory offense which suits his inclination, has the whole historie and traditional stock of arguments in vindication of personal liberty and individual rights at his fingers ends, and quotes them with indignant volubility whenever he happens to be arraigned for a homicide or a swindle.

Each day and generation has its peculiar work assigned it. Our fathers were compelled to struggle for liberty. We have lots of liberty; our fight must be for law and order.

We have not yet reached the period when this revolution in the national thought shall take shape either in public and general utterance or action, but that time is rapidly approaching.

THE annual reunion of the First Kentucky (orphan brigade) will be held at Glasgow, Kentucky, on the 12th of August next. All former soldiers are cordially invited to attend, and the veterans will doubtless have the usual pleasant meeting and interchange of reminiscences.

The surviving members of the celebrated Fourth Kentucky cavalry (Giltner's) regiment will also hold a reunion near Carrollton, Kentucky, on the 27th of August.

The BIVOUAC will always gladly publish notices of these reunions by the soldiers of either army.

SALMAGUNDI.

ONE of the best-known characters in General John H. Morgan's cavalry division was Parson W—. He was an excellent man and an excellent soldier, and his piety was as true as his patriotism. Still, with all his good qualities, the parson was exceedingly eccentric, and, perhaps, as opinionated and stubborn a citizen as the Southern Confederacy had in her borders.

He was the most aggressive, the fiercest, the most tenacious disputant that ever dissected the resolutions of '98, or knocked a man down for not readily discerning the distinction between "secession" and "co-operation." His sincerity only made him the more obstinate. On account of his nerve, astuteness, large acquaintance in Kentucky and thorough knowledge of the country, he was very frequently sent by General Morgan into the State to obtain the information required, not only to guide his own operations but for the use of the army. Upon these expeditions he was generally accompanied by Dan Ray, a gallant, splendid fellow, as intelligent and nery as the parson, but the soul of good humor. Dan never engaged in argument, except to start the parson and gratify his fun-loving disposition at the latter's expense.

One day they were riding along together, somewhere in Southern Kentucky, when the conversation

turned on a practice very prevalent at that time among those who "joined the cavalry," and, it must be confessed, carried to its fullest extent in "Morgan's command." They began to discuss "horsepressing." Dan mildly excused and even advocated it, upon the ground that it was a "military necessity;" but admitted that it was sometimes abused.

The parson condemned it *in toto*. He would not acknowledge that it could be defended or palliated under any circumstances. He stated that General Morgan's countenance of such a practice was the one thing which prevented him from entertaining an otherwise unqualified admiration of that officer. He said that he prayed daily and nightly that his comrades might be forgiven for it, but intimated in strong terms that he didn't believe they would be. He concluded by asserting that it was the great national sin, on account of which the Southern Confederacy would be destroyed, if it was fated to fall.

Ray prudently let the matter drop, inasmuch as the parson had gotten warmed up almost to the fighting point.

On the next day the parson was compelled to have his horse shod, and the clumsy smith pricked one hoof so badly that the animal in a few hours went dead lame. This was a serious matter under the cir-

cumstances, and both Dan and the parson became very anxious and apprehensive. Just when they had about concluded to retrace their steps to a point far in the rear, where the parson might procure a remount—a proceeding which would have involved unfortunate and perhaps dangerous delay—a well-to-do looking man came riding down the road on a remarkably fine horse. The sight of such a horse was enough to make a cavalryman's mouth water, and reduce a scruple, if he had one, to an infinitesimal degree. The parson looked, longed, and let down. It was predestined, he felt, that he should have that horse.

He gracefully opened the preliminary conversation to the "swap" he had already determined on by saying,

"That's a mighty likely horse you're riding, sir—a mighty likely animal."

"Yes," was the response, "he's a right peart nag."

"Sound, too, ain't he? Nothing the matter with him?"

"Well, stranger, he's sound from his eyes to his hoofs. Thar ain't nothin' soft about him, if I do say it myself."

"That's a good chunk of a horse, too," said the parson, pointing to his own. "He's by Denmark, and his dam was by Drennon out of a Whip mare. He can go all the galts when he's well; but a fool of a blacksmith pricked him this morning."

"Pull his shoes off and let him stand in the wet grass."

"I haven't got the time. I am engaged in the public service and must get on rapidly. So I'm compelled to swap for your horse. You can doctor this fellow. You have leisure, and seem to be an intelligent man."

"The h—ll you say! Well, stranger, you're the drunkenest man, to hide it so well, I ever see."

"Don't use profane language in my presence," shouted the parson, "but help me to shift saddles. You're gettin' much the best of the trade. There ain't such a single footed walker as my horse, that is to say, as your horse—for now he is your's—in all Kentucky. Don't multiply words," he continued, as the other party to the "swap" still protested, "but climb down and shift saddles. Your horse, there, sir, needs attention. Take him home and doctor him." And he enforced obedience by drawing an army Colt.

The bargain was concluded; the parson mounted his new steed, and the pair pushed on. After riding some miles in silence, Ray remarked, very soberly, "I have been pondering what you said on yesterday, parson, about horse-pressing, and I'm compelled to admit that you were right. I am satisfied that it can not be defended or—"

"Dan Ray," broke in the parson quietly, but with very significant emphasis, "I don't want to hear you discuss a matter you don't understand. Your mind hasn't been trained to consider questions of this nature and to draw proper distinctions. That matter back yonder wasn't a case of 'horse-pressing.' It was a compulsory trade, made necessary by the unsettled condition of the times and country, and because the laws regulating the making and enforcement of contracts are rather silent just now. I could demonstrate this without the least difficulty to any assembly accustomed to the discussion of such questions. But if you ever allude to it again, I'll hang in your wool!"

The following is a song which had a great run in the reconstruction period. It is doubtless a fair sample of "rebel" feeling then, but no one must make the mistake of supposing it to be an exposition of Southern sentiment now. We want it understood that we are as anxious to have our share of the "Old Flag" as of the appropriations:

UNRECONSTRUCTED.

I am a good old rebel,
Now that's just what I am;
For this fair Land of Freedom
I do not care a dam!

I'm glad I fit against it,
And only wish we'd won;
And I don't want no pardon
For any thing I've done.

I hates the Constitution,
The great Republic too;
I hates the Freedmen's Bureau,
In uniform of blue;

I hates the nasty eagle,
With all its brag and fuss;
The lyin', thiev'in' Yankees,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss;

I hates the Yankee nation
And every thing they do;
I hates the Declaration
Of Independence too;

I hates the glorious Union,
'Tis dripping with our blood;
I hates the striped banner,
And I fit it all I could.

I follered ole Mas' Robert
For four years nigh about,
Got wounded in three places,
And starved at Pint Lookout.

I kotch the rheumatism
A-campin' in the snow;
But we killed a chance of Yankees,
And we'd like to kill some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Are stiff in Southern dust;
We got three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us.

They died of Southern fever,
And Southern steel and shot;
I wish they'd been three million
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em now no more;
But I ain't a-going to love 'em,
Now that is sartin sure.

And I don't want no pardon,
For what I was or am;
And I won't be reconstructed,
And I do not care a dam!

Lieutenant Joseph Hartsook, Fifty-fifth Illinois infantry, writes to learn something, if he can, of the flag of his regiment, which he believes was captured by the Thirty-ninth Alabama, and turned over to General H. D. Clayton, of Clayton, Ala. General Clayton thinks the flag was lost from the head-

quarters wagon together with the flag of the Thirtieth United States colored regiment, captured at Nashville; he does not know when or where, but some time after the battle of Nashville. Lieutenant Hartsook writes: "Our regiment served nearly four years and carried three separate flags. The first and the last were burned in the great Chicago fire of 1871, and the second was captured as stated. At our re-unions we have none of the flags carried in battle or on the tented field. Under the circumstances, who among so brave and chivalrous a foe would not give their sympathy and assistance in recovering our flags. No one but an old veteran can feel our loss. Since the war these flags are yours as well as ours. Who among our Southern kith and kin will help us find the lost banner, and present it at our next re-union?" Lieutenant Hartsook's address is, High Street and Grand Avenue, Davenport, Iowa.

A party of Congressmen were *en route* once to Washington, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. They were chatting in the smoking-room of their "sleeper," and enjoying themselves generally, in that decorous fashion which ever characterizes the recreations of grave statesmen upon whom patriotic cares and duties are imposed.

Suddenly a wild looking individual rushed in from a forward sleeper. His hair was disheveled, his eyes starting from their sockets, and he exhibited every indication of intense excitement. "Is there a gentlemen from Kentucky on this car?" he gasped. "For G-d's sake, speak quick!" A distinguished Kentuckian—whose name has been heard from one end of the broad continent to the other, and whose voice is heard as often, perhaps, as that of any other statesman in it, and always elicits applause—arose, drew his tall, erect form into its most striking attitude and said, in deep, resonant tones, "I, sir, am a Kentuckian."

"Are you perfectly sure you are from Kentucky?" said the wild-eyed man, grasping the Congressman with both hands.

"Perfectly sure of it, sir."

"Then, for the sake of Heaven," said the wild-eyed man, "lend me your cork-screw!"

"Certainly, sir," responded the Congressman, suavely, producing two corkscrews. "Would you prefer a large or small one?"

The *Abbeville (Ala.) Times*, of 19th ultimo, contains a notice of the recent death of "Uncle Harmon Adams." He was an original. Fearless and good-natured, honest and true, of vast physical strength, the terror of the overbearing bully, he reminded one of the Leatherstocking; and, in the words of the *Times*, his quaint expressions and original criticisms will be long remembered in Southeast Alabama.

The writer calls to mind a few of them. About the time of the Franco-Prussian war, there was a heated canvass in Alabama between the Republicans, then in the majority, and the Democrats, and Uncle Harmon's son-in-law (he had three or four of them) was running for the legislature, on the Democratic ticket, in Barbour County. One Saturday there was a big meeting in the lower edge of the county, at Utopia, which, however, was universally called Newtopia. This was in Uncle Harmon's neighborhood, and he and his son-in-law were there, mixing

with the voters. The writer spent the night after the meeting at the house of this son-in-law, and slept with Uncle Harmon. He was one of those old countrymen who always got up about daylight to smoke and talk. So he left the bed noiselessly at the crack of day, and lit his pipe and smoked in silence at the fire-place for some time, casting his eyes round every now and then to see if I was awake. As soon as he saw me move, he turned loose:

"General," said he, "what do you think of these here Prooshuns?"

I had not been thinking about the Prussians, so I said, "I don't know, Uncle Harmon. What do you think of them?"

"Well," said he, "I naterally disprize 'em, G-d 'm 'm! Now, General, I like the French. They are a brave people, and they helped us in the Revolutionary war. And, General, I like the English; and Queen Victoria, she is a very fine woman; but she married a Prooshun, that d—d old Elbert, and he kept her from recognizing the Southern Confederacy. And, then, General, she keeps a d—d old vilyun in her cabinet, that John Bull. Will he never die? He was an old man when I was a boy."

For half a century he had honestly entertained the belief that John Bull, the life-long enemy of Andrew Jackson, was a man in the flesh, and I said nothing to undeceive him.

His son-in-law was elected, and during the following session introduced a bill to prevent the destruction of the birds. Not long after, I met Uncle Harmon at the county site, and said he:

"General, what do you think of this here bird-law, which my son-ing-law, Winston Andrews, has introduced into the legislatur?"

I said I approved it, and asked him what he thought of it.

"Well," said he, "it is a very good law; but it ought not to be equivalent to all. There is the dove, and the mocking-bird, and the partridge, they ought to be excused; but the jay-bird and the jo-reek and the d—d old red-headed woodpecker, they ought to be amenable to the law."

His criticism of a circuit judge, a very estimable man, by the way, before whom one of his sons-in-law had been tried for an assault and battery was characteristic. He was commenting on the trial, and said to me, "General, I have been attending of the court for about fifty years; and I have commonly found that when a judge has heard the evidence and the counsel, and come to charge the juror, he has kinder got his way ironed out before him. Now, for a charge to be essential to the juror, it must come out all in rotation, but somehow or nuther, Judge — ain't got it composed and compacted in him, and it flies out in jerks and fits and flounces, and is not much service to the juror. When he gits a plain salting-battery case, he can say something you can understand; but, when he gits on a diffeikilt pint of law, he is like an old blind horse charging over two or three ditches, and sometimes he gits in extremity. But, general, you ought to have heard him charge the juror yesterday, in my son-ing-law's case, which was indicted for a little salt-ing-battery, and he rared and charged and beat his d—d old counter, and the juror went out and fined my son-ing-law two hundred and twenty-five dollars!"

There are a hundred others. Brave, honest Uncle Harmon! We shall never look upon his like again. Peace to his ashes.

Immediately after the ordinances of secession had been passed, and it became apparent that there would be war, the attention of the Southern youth was directed almost exclusively to Hardee's Tactics, and especially "The Drill of the Company." Military organizations sprang up thick as hops all over the country, and the rivalry between them, as well as the interest elicited from their civilian friends and admirers was immense. There was one very fine company organized at Memphis, which acquired a wide reputation for excellence in all the evolutions. It was commanded by a Mexican veteran who was a master of tactics and martinet in drill. Every afternoon a throng of people would resort to the large vacant lot whereon this company was receiving instruction to witness and applaud its performance. On one occasion, when an unusually large and appreciative crowd was collected and many ladies present, the captain became so enthused that, after exhausting every recognized movement, he began to extemporize, and shouted out the command, "Company, right and left oblique; march." The men gallantly essayed to obey the order, and, diverging from either flank, scattered widely. The captain racked his brain for a proper command to bring them together again, but the Tactics provided no formula for such a dilemma. At length, when the boys had become strung out like a flock of wild pigeons, and seemed about to separate for ever, he yelled, in desperation, "Huddle! Go! darn ye!"

The following, taken from an old file of the *Knoxville (Tennessee) Register*, illustrates the terrors of the Confederate conscription, which if it did not "rob the cradle and the grave," at least effectually "sheriffed up" every white male between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, not already in the army:

Some days ago Major Rucker was in conversation with a fair, fat, and forty buxom widow of an adjoining county, when, by accident, she mentioned the age of one of her admirers, stating that he was not quite thirty-nine. The major made a mental note of the fact and soon departed. He went straightway in pursuit of this juvenile admirer of the attractive widow, whom he had before learned was a little more than forty years of age. When he arrested Mr. Johnson, Rucker told him that he regretted to inform him that he was under the painful necessity of conscripting him. "I have learned," said Rucker, "from Widow — that you are only thirty-nine. She says that you told her so, and I feel it my duty to take you down to Colonel Blake."

"Oh! ah! yes," said Mr. Johnson, "in fact, sir, to tell you the truth, sir, I did lie just a little to Widow —. I wanted—yes, I wanted to get married—you understand, don't you, major?"

"I don't understand any thing about it," said Rucker, "you must go with me."

Mr. Johnson's knees smote one another, and in

tremulous accents he besought Major Rucker to permit him to send for the old family Bible. This was agreed to. In the meantime Rucker and his new levy proceeded to Colonel Blake's headquarters. By the time they reached Knoxville, Rucker became satisfied that his follower was not less than three-score years and ten. The widower's hair dye was washed away, his false teeth had been removed, his form was bent by the immense pressure of mental anxiety.

Colonel Blake wished to know why this antediluvian had been brought to him; but so complete had been the metamorphosis of the gay widower that even Rucker blushed when he looked upon him.

The family Bible came, and there it was, written in the faded scrawl of Mr. Johnson's grandmother:

"Silus Johnsing, born in Bunkuta, Nawth Caliny, Amny Dominny 1783."

An old soldier writes: I enjoyed the war songs in Salmagundi of the July number of the *BIVOUAC*; they were pleasant echoes from days that had much of brightness in them. I recall portions of one or two that were not included in that article, which may be of equal interest to some of those who heard them as I did in camp, and frequently on the long and weary march. A favorite with the Kentucky troops, with whom I served, was something like this:

"If ever I get out of this war,
And Lincoln's men don't find me,
I'll make my way to Old Kentuck',
And the girl I left behind me."

When in a particularly patriotic mood, another favorite was:

"Then we'll march, march, march,
To the music of the drum:
We'll have our rights—
We'll fight for them,
And our Old Kentucky home."

There was a strong tendency among the soldiers to criticise unlucky commanders of our army, and after the unfortunate campaign of General Hood in Tennessee he was the recipient of much criticism, the major part of which, I am persuaded, never reached his ears. The current opinion of the army was expressed as follows, in the rude but pointed verse of the camp:

"You may talk about your Beauregard,
And sing of General Lee;
But General Hood, of Texas,
Played — in Tennessee."

The vigor which marked the singing of this was an index to the indignation felt by the army at the failure of the gallant but unfortunate Hood. There were other popular outbursts of song, but the above are all that come to me through the mists of twenty years.